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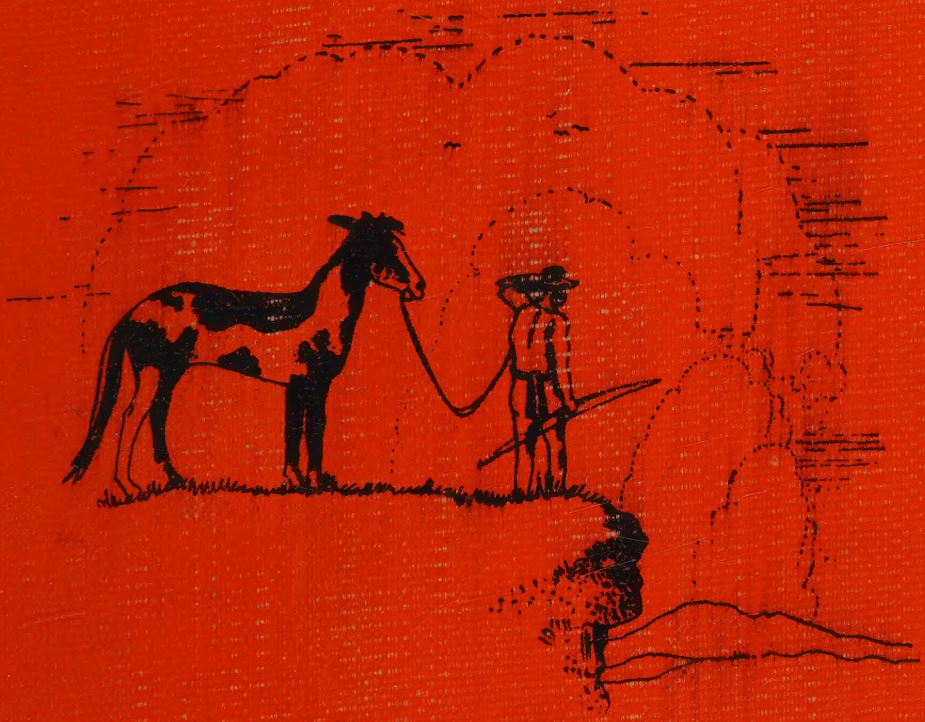

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Stories from An Indian Cave

The Papoose

STORIES FROM AN INDIAN CAVE

THE CHEROKEE CAVE BUILDERS

BY

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY
AUTHOR OF "READING TIME STORIES"
"SURPRISE STORIES" ETC

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOSEPH EUGENE DASH

A JUST RIGHT BOOK

ALBERT WHITMAN & CO
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Artistic
World-Wide
Titles

East o' the Sun and
West o' the Moon

Hans Andersen's
Fairy Tales

Best Tales for Children

Heidi

Stories from an Indian
Cave

A "Just Right Book"
Made in the U. S. A.

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Preface

There have been many different tribes of Red Men in our country and some of them are well known to boys and girls while others, like the Cherokee people, the Indian cave builders of the south, are strangers.

They were the Indian mountaineers, living in log lodges in the sides of the hills, their lodges covered with earth just as boys of today like to make themselves caves in which to play.

These Cherokee Indians had story telling lodges. Each village had a larger shelter called the Town House where a camp fire was kept burning and in which the braves gathered in the evening to tell the stories of the tribe which they believed to be true. They wanted to understand about the sky, the thunder, the trees and

plants and why the seasons changed. They believed that there had been tribes of birds and animals, their brothers, who had lived like Indians. And the stories of these matters were sacred to the Cherokee people. They did not tell them to the children until they had grown old enough to be useful to the village or had done some brave deed.

But there was a boy needed to tend the fire in the lodge of the story tellers. He had to keep the pine torches burning and bring in boughs for the fire. This boy was able to hear bits of the stories and he remembered them and kept them in his heart until he was an old man. That is how we may know the Cherokee stories, for one of these fire boys, named John Ax, grew old and met the white men and told the stories to our Government at Washington.

When the negroes came to the south, long ago, they met some of these Cherokee story tellers and liked the tales about the Rabbit, the Terrapin and the other animals. The negroes told the stories over among themselves until we have

come to think that Bre'r Rabbit started with Uncle Remus, but it is quite likely that he came, lippity-lippity, first of all, to the cave of a Cherokee Red Man.

So here are a few of the cave stories that you will like the more because they are new and have not been told in other books of Indian tales. They will take you out of doors into that pleasant land of Once-Upon-a-Time where wonderful and unexpected things happen. They will carry you home again with a great deal to think about.

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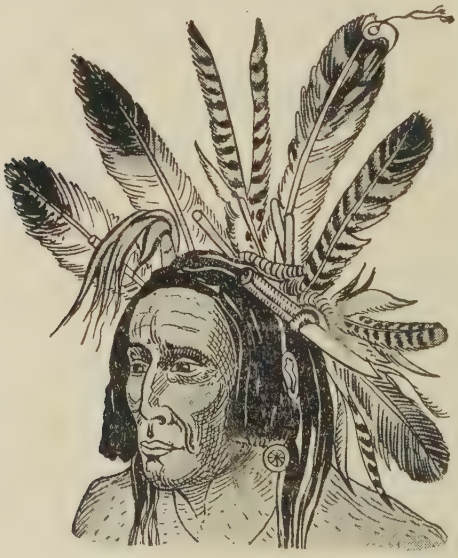


So They Sent the Great Buzzard, a Mighty Bird

Stories From An Indian Cave

How the Evergreens Came

Of all the boys and girls who have wondered about how the growing things of the woods came, those who wondered the most were the Cherokee boys and girls of the Indian times, long ago. And if one of these Indian boys was asked to tend the fire in the village lodge when the chiefs of the tribe were telling stories, he heard an odd story about how the evergreens of the forest came in the first place.

The Cherokee people thought that the earth was at first very wet and flat and soft. This, they said, was before the Red Men

came, but animals and birds wished to settle themselves upon the earth, so they sent the great buzzard, a mighty bird and a brave one. This was not the buzzard of whom we have heard, but his grandfather, the Great Buzzard. He flew down to the earth, and as he came to the Cherokee country he grew tired and his great wings flapped low and dragged along the earth. The great wings of this bird struck the ground so hard that they swept out hollows. These hollows made the valleys and on either side were the mountains. To this day the land of the Cherokee people in the south is a place of valleys and hills.

Then the earth was dry, but it was cold. The story tells that the wild creatures asked the sun to make a wide, warm trail that would lie on the earth from the east to the west every day. The sun did this and

the bold little Crawfish decided that he would be the first one to take this path of the sun. It was still to warm for any traveling. The rash Crawfish had his shell scorched a bright red, and to this day the Indians do not eat the flesh of the Red Crawfish, for he spoiled it with that long-ago trip he took.

And the sun was raised seven handbreadths high just under the sky arch. This was better and every day since then the earth takes its way under the arch and comes back at night to the starting place.

Then the earth began to be a good place for the Indian, a place where he could hunt and build lodges and plant grain in the fields. But the trees came first, for no country is beautiful and good for man without trees. After the coming of the animals and birds, came all the trees; the Cedar which

was held to be the most precious of all, the Oak, the Maple, the Beech, the Birch, the Pine, the Spruce and the Holly. They marched to the land that was to be the home of the Red Man and planted their roots in the earth of the swamps and the forests.

But it was decreed that for seven days the animal families and this company of the trees should keep a vigil day and night before the coming of the Indian. They were not to sleep for seven days and seven nights, but must keep awake to see that the earth was safe for this Cherokee brother who they were to welcome.

That was a long vigil and the nights were dark and lonely, for the moon had not yet come or the stars to light the earth.

One by one the animals crept off to shelters and holes and went to sleep. At last only one animal was left awake, the

Only One of All the Family

keen-eyed Panther. To this day the Panther prowls the forest and the swamp at night, his bright eyes glowing in the dark.

One by one the birds flew up to the tree-tops or found resting places for themselves in the bushes and vines and gave up their vigil. Only one of all the family of the birds stayed awake through this vigil of seven days and seven nights. This bird was the

Owl, who watches at night to this day in the land of the Cherokee and wherever he has migrated from there.

The trees were no more faithful than the animals and the birds. Before half of the seven days and nights had passed many of the trees were asleep when night came. Each had its own excuse. The Maple went to sleep that she might dream of the scarlet flowers she would wear among her branches when spring came. The Birch tossed her head all day with pride of her white dress and when night came she was so tired that she drooped her head and slept. The Oak stayed awake longer than the Maple and the Birch but he boasted so loudly to the wind of his great might in the forest that he was too tired when night came to stay awake.

So it came to pass that only the Panther,

the Owl and certain of the trees watched for seven days and seven nights for the Cherokee people to come to the earth that was ready for them.

But at last the Red Man came and with him walked his Great Spirit to see if it was a good earth. And the Great Spirit saw that many of the trees were asleep.

So the Great Spirit of the Red Man said that those trees should sleep one half of every year, because they had not been able to go through with the ordeal of the vigil. The Maple, the Birch, the Beech, and last of all the Oak tree have lost their leaves every autumn since that day and must sleep through the winter of the year.

But those trees which kept the vigil, the Cedar, the Pine, the Spruce, the Holly and the Hemlock never lose their leaves. Winter and summer they are green as a reward

And with Him Walked His Great Spirit

for watching for the coming of the Indian to the earth. They are green for keeping the holidays of the brother of the Red Man, the White Man. They were given gay trimmings of brown cones and scarlet berries and the power to withstand the breath of the Ice Man who kills whatever he can.

All this reward came to those trees that we know as the evergreens.

One Brightly Glowing Coal from the Bed of Fire

How Fire Came to the Cave People

The Cave People, that old race of the Cherokee Indians, at one time had no fire, so their story tellers said. They had no means of warming their lodges in the sides of the hills or by which to sit in the evening. This was a very long time ago. And it happened that at last their wild brothers of the forest and swamps were sorry for them as was also the Thunder, who had his home among the cloud mountains of the sky.

One day, after a mighty storm that

tore off the limbs of trees and swept away many of the bark doors of the Indians' caves, the Thunder sent them a gift of fire. But he hid this fire deep in the trunk of an old hollow Sycamore tree which grew on an island in the southern part of our country. They all knew that the fire was there, for the smoke could be seen rising out of the top of the Sycamore stump. But no man knew how to get the fire out.

Fire would mean much to the Cave people. With it they would be able to harden their clay pots and cook meat and boil the sweet sap from the Maple tree. With fire they could forge metals and make tools and keep warm in the days when the Ice Man came from the north with his arrows of frost.

Their wild brothers of the forest and swamps knew, too, in their strange little

One Day, after a Mighty Storm that Tore off the Limbs of Trees

hearts that fire would be a good thing for the Cave People and so they decided to try and capture it from the hollow tree on the island. They held a council to see which one of them should be the first to make the perilous trip and the lot fell to the Raven, who was large and strong and had never been known to fail in any adventure that he undertook. So the Raven spread his wide wings and flew over to the island and as far as the tree in which the Thunder had left the gift of fire.

The Raven lighted on the top of the Sycamore tree and there he poised, looking down at the bright coals and trying to think what was the best way of capturing the fire. The Raven had started out on this adventure with the feeling that he could not possibly fail. He had made no plan before starting. And as the Raven sat there con-

sidering in the top of the Sycamore tree the fire scorched his feathers, which had been white when he started, until he was as black as a coal all over. He could not endure the heat and he was obliged to fly back to the council to tell the other creatures that he had failed.

Ever since that day the Raven has worn black feathers.

The next one to try and bring back fire was Wa-huhu, the little Screech Owl. Wa-huhu flew boldly across to the island, just as the Raven had, and he lighted at the foot of the Sycamore tree, peering down into the hole at the glowing coals. Wa-huhu had thought that it would be a simple matter to take out the fire and carry it over to the mainland in his horny claws, not having looked at all sides of the question before starting. But just then the flame burst out

and nearly blinded him with its heat. .

So Wa-huhu returned to the land of the Cave People without fire, and ever since that day his eyes have been red. If you look at any Screech Owl you will find that this is true.

But it seemed to the tribe of the Owls that someone of their number ought to be able to get the fire, for not one of them had ever been harmed before by a bright light. So U-guku, the Hoot Owl, and Tskili, the Horned Owl, were sent across to the island to bring back the fire that the Thunder had left in the hollow Sycamore tree.

By the time they reached it, the wind had stirred the fire until it burned with great heat and strength. The two Owls looked down at it, but the wind blew a great cloud of ashes up into their faces which choked and blinded them. They also failed

in bringing back fire, and ever since then U-guku, the Hoot Owl, and Tskili, the Horned Owl, have worn rims of white around their eyes from those ashes, and they can never rub them off.

No more of the birds would undertake the adventure of getting fire but there was, in those days, a little black racing creature known as Uksu-hi, the Black Snake. He said that he would make the trip. So the Black Snake swam boldly over to the island and crept along through the grass and crawled into the tree by means of a small hole at the roots.

Oh, how hot Uksu-hi found the ashes over which he had to crawl! He discovered that he had been rash without being brave. There is a difference between the two. He doubled himself up and twisted himself about and at last he backed out of the hole

and into the cooling water as fast as he could. Uksu-hi swam home without even a coal of fire.

Ever since then Uksu-hi is blacker than he was when he started out, as black as a coal. He also runs faster than he did in the beginning, and always when he sees a campfire, for he remembers how he once crawled into a fire in a tree and had to back out.

Have you ever heard of the great climbing snake, Gule-gi? He lived in those old days with the Cherokee people and he was present at the council. He offered his services in the task of bringing the fire, for he knew that he could climb the Sycamore tree and then look down inside it from the top. So Gule-gi swam to the island and climbed the tree, but he had not stopped to think that fire could climb, too. The fire

turned Gule-gi the color of soot and soot color he has been ever since. It was not he who carried fire to the Cave People.

They held daily council about it and in the meantime the world grew colder. All the birds, the reptiles and the animals had one reason or another for not going across to the island where the Thunder had left fire in the hollow Sycamore tree. They were all afraid, but one day a new one came to the Town House where the council was being held. This was Kanane-ski Amai-yehi, the little Water Spider who had a very long name. She must not be mistaken for her cousin, who looks like a mosquito. This Water Spider is able to run along on the surface of the water and dive under if she is afraid.

So this Kanane-ski Amai-yehi told the council that she would swim over to the

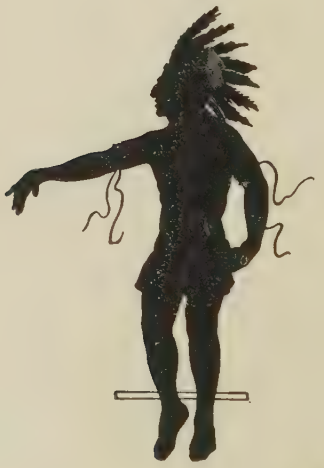
island, for she had a plan for capturing the fire. And they all gathered on the bank to see her start out bravely in her dress of black down with red stripes.

As she went this Water Spider spun a long, strong thread from her body and with this she wove a strong little basket which she carried on her back. It was shaped like a bowl. When she reached the other bank, she fastened the bowl very securely to her back. It could not fall off. Then the Water Spider crawled swiftly to the place where fire was hidden in the tree.

She took one brightly glowing coal from the bed of fire and placed it in her basket. It is a small basket that this Water Spider carries but it was just the right size and shape for keeping a glowing coal lighted on the trip home. She reached the council in safety with the coal and it was given to

the Cave People in the great gift of fire without which no tribe can flourish.

And it was at that time decreed that the Water Spider should always carry a basket on her back to show all the dwellers of forest and swamp that an adventure should be planned before it is begun.



He Began to Make Weapons

When the Plants Were Kind

Fire came to the Cherokee people and that was a very great gift to the Indians. Now they could keep warm in their caves and lodges in spite of the Ice Man. Corn could be roasted and the sap of the Maple tree boiled to make sugar. But the Indian was not content with these peaceful uses of fire. He began to make weapons with which to kill. He mined the hard metals from the mountains. He heated the metals and forged them and made the spear, the blow-gun, the arrow tip, the fish-hook and knife. With these weapons friendly animals

The Council of Peace with a Meeting of the Bears

were killed, the fish caught and such little ones as the Frog and the Grubworms were stepped upon by the Cherokee boys in scorn and contempt.

Then it was that there was a council of these dumb brothers of the Indian to decide what could be done to stop his cruelty. The council opened with a meeting of the Bears held in their town hall under the Kuwahi Mountain. The place was well known in the days of the Cherokees as the Mulberry Place and the old White Bear presided at the council.

Each one of them, the great Black Bear, the little Brown Bear, and the Cinnamon Bear, told how the Indian killed his family, cooked the bear flesh and used his fur coat for a blanket.

"He kills us with his bow and arrows," said the Bears. So the White Bear told the

council that they must make a weapon like the bow and arrow with which to fight the Indian.

Then one Bear brought a fine branch of locust wood and another brought a bit of gut and they made a bow and arrow. But, alas, when the Bears tried to shoot, they were unable to use the bow without their paws dropping the arrow and their sharp claws becoming caught in the string.

"We will trim off our claws!" said the Bears.

"In that case we will die," said the White Bear, "because we will no longer be able to climb a tree when we are chased."

So the Bears gave up the idea of fighting the Indian with his own weapons. It was decreed at the Mulberry Place council that all Bears should keep their sharp claws and attack the Indians when they were in danger. And so it is to this day.

The next to meet in council were the Deer, who had never shown anything but kindness to the Indian but whom he was killing now without mercy for food and whose skin he was using for making moccasins. The Deer met together but they said nothing about making bows and arrows. They had their own way of fighting the Indian. In the deep woods and in the swamps the Deer had found rheumatism and they knew how to give it to the Indian. The Deer decided to give rheumatism to any Indian who tried to kill them.

But the Little Deer was at that council. In these days we never see the Little Deer, but in the days of the Cherokee Indian he was well known. He was the Deer who could never be caught, whose footsteps were so soft on the moss that their prints could not be seen and whose voice it was heard

crying beside the dead body of one his brothers killed by the Indian.

The Little Deer said that it was right that some men should be hurt by rheumatism but not all. If there should be an Indian who, after killing a Deer, took care to ask pardon by telling the spirit of the animal that he did it only because he needed food or moccasins, that Indian should be free of rheumatism.

This idea seemed good to the council of the Deer. It was carried out among the people. Whenever a hunter shot a Deer, the Little Deer, running as swiftly as the wind so as not to be wounded, came to the spot where the blood of his brother had been spilled and listened for the words of the hunter. If the Indian stood beside the blood stains and the Little Deer heard him saying that he had killed only because of

his need, then the Little Deer went on his way. But if the hunter shouldered his game silently and went back to his village, the Little Deer went, too, and in the night, when it was chilly, gave rheumatism to the Indian.

The Fish, the Reptiles, the Frogs and the Birds sat also in council to try and think what they could do to hurt the Cherokee boys who so often hurt them. The Fish and the Reptiles decided to give the boys bad dreams. There was little that the Frogs and the Birds could do, but the Frogs forever after that showed spots on their backs where the boys stepped on them. The Birds showed their burned feet and singed feathers, for the Indian had now learned how to roast birds before his fire on a spit.

There were few kind words said for the Indian except by the weak little Ground

Squirrel and the others were so angry with the Ground Squirrel for this that they fell upon the harmless little creature and tore his back in stripes. Ever since that day the Ground Squirrel has worn stripes down the back of his coat.

It was a pity that the wild creatures became so angry at the Cherokee at that time, for they had been his true friends before. But Fire was cruel and the Indian had found out this. Certain of the animals feel their ancient anger toward man to this day. They have not been able to forget it. One of these creatures is the Grubworm, who was so glad because of the trouble that had come to the Indian that he shook with joy at the list of sicknesses read off at the council. He turned over on his back and he was not able to get back on his feet again. To this day the Grubworm wrig-

gles along on his back. And to this day there are Bears who chase men.

But something happened of which the animals had not thought. The woods and swamps were full of green growing shrubs and plants and trees and mosses and herbs. These were friendly toward the Indian and they made up their minds to try and help him. Then it was that the different kinds of healing medicines came.

The plants, the trees, the mosses and the herbs gave themselves to the Indian as cures for the sickness and hurts brought upon him when Fire came. It was at that time that witch-hazel, sage, penny-royal, plantain came to be the cures for wounds and fevers. In time they were of use to wounded animals as well as to the Indian, and man and his dumb brothers of the forest and the field were no longer such foes.

It is said that when a wounded animal hunts the woods today for an herb to help his pain, the herb breathes the spirit of kindness into his heart. And man has grown, also, kinder in his hunting.

Why the Laurel Makes Wreaths

Fire had come to the Cherokee nation, the Indians who lived in lodges dug into the hills like caves. It had been left by the Thunder in a hollow Sycamore tree on an island and the Water Spider had brought it to the mainland to the people in a small basket upon her back. This fire was a good gift to the Indians for baking clay pots and cooking corn and meat.

But the gift of fire was a curse to the forest. The trees knew that it was a curse, for each day some one of their family must give up its life in order to keep the flames alive. It seemed as if there would be no

trees left on the earth after a while.

So the trees took council in the night when their voices could be heard as a sighing and moaning among the boughs, as to how they might escape the fate of being cut down and burned. Each tree had its own idea and plan by means of which it might keep its roots until old age in the earth of the forest.

The Cedar could weep tears of blood. In the ancient days a wicked magician had been put to death by the Cherokee people and his head had been fastened to the top of a cedar tree. Ever since that day the Cedar dripped red sap when it was cut, just as it does today, and because of this the Cedar felt set apart above the other trees and worthy of being spared from the fire.

The Basswood had stood next to the Sycamore at the time that the Thunder left

fire in the Sycamore. So the Basswood was sure it would never be struck by lightning, which set it apart as a necessary tree of the forest. Beneath its boughs the hunters were in the habit of seeking shelter during a heavy storm. On account of this there was no thought of cutting down the Basswood for firewood. It had also the additional honor of having its stringy bark torn off and twisted into hunting belts for the braves of the village.

The Sourwood tree was a useful member of the forest family. Its twigs had an odd, sour taste because of which the Indians used to cut barbecue sticks of sourwood, well pointed at the ends, and use them at the village feasts when meat was roasted in the camp fire. These sticks gave a pungent flavor to the meat. And the Sourwood was used for carving spoons and combs, and

there was a belief that its ashes would cure fever in the tribe if a sick man slept beside a fire made of Sourwood.

The Sassafras tree was saved by a trick from being burned in the fire. When it was first cut, it jumped right out of the fire and set the Town House on fire with a blaze of sparks. That saved the Sassafras wood. It was never used for kindling a fire again.

The Walnut was needed for its nuts and its bark, pounded and ground into a fine powder, could be thrown on top of the streams and would make fish so stupid that they could be easily caught by simply scooping them into a basket. Each of the trees had some reason for not sacrificing its branches to keep the fire burning, each, except the Laurel, which alone had nothing to say for itself.

In those days, as now, the Laurel stayed green during the winter, but it grew larger so that its branches made very good fuel for a camp fire. The Indians cut down Laurel boughs in the forest one day in the late fall when the air had a feeling of frost. They kindled a fire with it and then sat down beside it.

Suddenly they heard a voice from the fire the Laurel had made. It was a different voice from any which the cave people had ever heard before, and it spoke to them of things they knew and dreaded. The fire hissed and crackled and burned well, but above the hissing the frightened Indians could plainly hear the sound of a winter storm. They could hear from the coals of fire the shrill call of the winter wind which would take away their courage. They could hear the snapping of icicles and the blowing

of snow drifts that would pile up beside their lodge doors on the hills soon. This was the voice of the Laurel singing as it burned, for of all the trees of the forest the Laurel was the best singer.

So the Cherokee people made up their minds that they would never again kindle a fire with branches of Laurel. They would keep the Laurel for trimming the head-dresses of heroes of the village. They would use Laurel for making wreaths. This was because the Laurel had met its ordeal of fire so bravely, and when the other trees of the forest heard of it they decided, each, to meet fire, if it came to them, in a brave way.

It was at that time, when fire came to the earth, that the Cedar began giving out so sweet a perfume as its wood is burned to ashes. It was then that the Pine learned to glow in the fire like a jewel. The Oak

learned at that time how to burn so well and so long that the Indians said that its fire brought back the spring to the earth from the domain of the Ice Man.

But the Laurel stayed always in the forest, ever green, and waiting to be made into wreaths for those who brought honor to their village and to the nation.

Would Offer Itself for Meat

How the Chase Began

Soon after their world was made, it was said that there lived in the land of the Cherokee Indians a happy family. There was Kanati, the father, whose name means the Lucky Hunter. Selu, the Corn, was the mother, and there was also a little son. Everything needful for their life was to be found close to their lodge door. Kanati could go into the forest and one of the animals there, a deer, a bear or a rabbit. would

offer itself for their meat. The corn grinder was never empty. A pleasant stream flowed near the lodge and gave them water for drinking and cooking. But the little son of Kanati and Selu was discontented. He wished for a playmate.

One day a strange boy sprang from the water of the stream and came through the bushes to meet the hunter's son. He was wild and strange in his looks, but he was a strong wrestler; he knew how to roll a gaming wheel toward the Darkening Land, and how to catch fish with his bare hands. Because their own boy had so wished for a playmate, the Hunter and the Corn woman adopted the wild boy from the stream into their own family. But they warned their own little son not to stray away with the wild boy, nor to listen to his talk of magic. They hoped to tame him and make him into a good Cherokee.

But the wild boy, like so many dangerous playmates of today, was full of adventuresome things to do. He incited his foster brother to meddle with affairs that were not for boys.

"Our father is the greatest hunter in the world!" he told the son of Kanati. "But why is it that he brings home only just enough meat for the pot in our lodge? If he knows the haunts of all the animals of the forest, why does he not supply us with a feast every day instead of with a frugal meal? Watch me, I tell you! I am going to follow our father and find out about this mystery!"

Soon after that Kanati took a bow and a few arrows in his hand and he started out for a wild turkey. The wild boy with his foster brother a little in the rear, followed Kanati until they had crossed the swamp

and came to the foot of the mountain. Suddenly the wild boy changed himself to a puff of bird's down which the wind carried until it lighted on the hunter's shoulder. Up the mountain went Kanati until he came to a great rock and out of the cave in its side came a wild turkey who had been chosen by the Game Tribe to go home to the lodge of Kanati. It was easily shot. The hunter slung it over his shoulder, set back the rock at the entrance of the cave and started home.

"My brother, where are you, my brother?" called Kanati's son.

The wind blew a puff of bird's down softly along the mountain path to the foot where it rested among the grasses. Behold, there stood the wild boy, his eyes flaming with his discovery.

"Our father owns all the Game tribes!"

he said, "and yet he pampers the animals and birds, letting them live at peace in their cave until we are hungry. Come with me up the side of this mountain and I will show you how to possess yourself of all the game in the world."

So the two boys went first to a swamp where grew the small reed that Kanati used for making arrow shafts. They gathered these, tipped them with stray feathers and then made themselves bows of the branches of young saplings. Now they were ready to be mighty hunters. Up, up the mountain went the wild boy and the son of Kanati. Up, up they went until they came to the rock which was the door of the Game Tribe's cave.

The boys threw themselves against the rock, pulling and tugging it with all their strength. And the strength of the wild boy

was as great as that of a man. The stone moved, slid slowly away from the entrance to the cave, and a strange sight met the boys' eyes. All the Game Tribes of the animals and the birds were inside and they looked out of their door. Then, seeing only two boys who were not skilled hunters there, the cave began to empty.

Out ran a buck, at which the wild boy shot, but hit only its tail. In those days the buck carried his tail down like the wolves, but ever since then he runs with his tail high in derision of a boy's harmless arrow.

The deer family followed the buck, their tails almost curling over their backs as did the tail of the buck. The bears followed, and after them came droves of little creatures, raccoons, rabbits, opossums, ground squirrels, woodchucks, wild turkeys, pheasants, prairie chickens and others. All the

Game Tribes had decided now to run instead of waiting to be killed.

The noise of their hoofs was like the sound of rumbling thunder. The air was darkened by the cloud of their wings. The noise and the darkness was noticed by Selu, the Corn woman, at their lodge, and she called Kanati's attention to it.

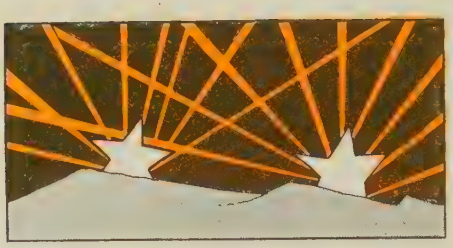
"There is a storm up on the mountain," she said, "and our two boys are not here."

So Kanati started off at once to try and find them. But when he came to the cave of the Game Tribes, what did he see? Not only had the kindly creatures of the hunt escaped, but following them was a crowd of deadly creeping and stinging things. Out had come the snakes, the spiders, the worms, the ants that sting, and the mosquitoes. The two boys were surrounded by these pests which the wild boy had let out with

the Game Tribe, and Kanati had a hard time rescuing them.

When he had his boys safe, he looked about him, but alas, his hunting would now be a chase, for the birds and animals had run and hidden themselves all over the face of the earth. Worst of all, the crawlers and creepers and stingers refused to be driven back into the cave. They were out for all time and ready to make hunting harder. This great mischief had been done.

The Indians say that Kanati sent the wild boy back to his home in the stream again, for he did not belong in a Cherokee lodge. There was no need of warning the little son of Kanati about the danger of following a bad example. If he ever forgot, a gnat, a mosquito or some other stinger reminded him.



How the Seasons Came to Earth

Far off in the north of the Indians' country there lived, once upon a time, a Man of Ice. He was a very great hero and strong, although he was but a little fellow.

Once when the Cherokees were burning brush in the woods in the fall, they set fire to a tree, and they were not able to put it out. The fire burned until it went down as far as the roots of the tree and made a great charred hole in the ground. It burned and burned until there was danger that the fire would go straight through the earth, and something had to be done about it.

At last someone thought of the Ice Man and it was decided to go to the chilly village in the north where he lived, and after traveling many days, Indian runners found the Ice Man at home. He was very short, with long white hair that hung to the ground, and was braided in two plaits. The runners kneeled down on the frosty ground at his doorstep of ice and told him what they wanted.

"I can help you at once," he told them, and with that he began to unbind his hair.

As soon as it was all unplaited, the Ice Man grasped his hair in one hand and struck the other hand with it, and suddenly the messengers felt a wind blow across their cheeks. The Ice Man struck his hair across his hand a second time and at once a light rain started to fall. He did this a third time and as soon as his hair

struck his open hand there was a fall of frozen sleet. A fourth time he struck his hand, and the ground was covered with huge hailstones as if they had come from the ends of his hair.

"Now you may return to your own country," the Ice Man told the runners, "and tomorrow I will come myself." Then the messengers went home and found the whole village gathered in terror about the hole in which the fire still burned.

The next day, as they still watched the fire, a cutting wind came down upon them from the north, so cold and chilling that they were afraid. They knew that this wind had come from the Ice Man and it made them tremble at his power. But the wind did not put out the fire. It only made it burn more brightly. Then a light, soft rain started, but it did not put out the

Indian Runners Found the Ice Man

fire. At last this shower changed to a heavy rain with sleet and hail that killed the blaze of the fire and made great clouds of steam arise from the hole as it touched the red coals.

The Indians ran in fear to their caves, for they had never seen anything like this in their lives. The storm became a mighty whirlwind that drove the rain into every crack of the rocks and piled hail in the hole until there was no more fire, but when the storm was over it was found out that a strange thing had happened.

Where the fiery hole had been there was a burning lake with a sound as if embers were still crackling at the bottom. This was the first volcanic mountain, made by the Ice Man. And before long he came from the north, his white hair floating all about him, and scattering frost and

snow and bringing cold winds wherever he stepped.

At that time there was a beautiful maiden in the south, whose hair was like the dusk on an evening in the summer and whose eyes were two lakes in which the starlight is caught. This maiden had a heart as tender as the Deer's, and there was such magic about her moccasins that wherever she stepped the wild flowers budded and burst into bloom.

The Ice Man saw this maiden of the south and he told the tribes that he must have her in return for his help in putting out the fire that had come so close to burning a hole through the earth. And although the maiden wept and the tribes mourned, the Ice Man took her back with him to his domain of cold in the north and nothing could be done about it because he

was much stronger than anyone else in the world at that time.

The beautiful maiden from the south came with the Ice Man to the village of white, cold lodges in the north over which he ruled and he gave her a frozen home in which to live and bade her never think of or try to return to her people.

But a very strange thing happened. The day after the maiden came, the Sun rose bright and strong in the domain of the Ice Man and the ice lodges began to melt. The weather grew warmer and warmer. Soft, balmy winds blew in place of the chilly blasts of the north. Finally all the Ice Man's people arose and told him that if he did not send this maiden back home they would banish him, for she had been nourished by a special kind of food all her life and was too gentle and mild for that part of the country.

So it came about that the maiden from the south was returned to her home, but she missed the bracing air of the north, and the Ice Man never forgot her tender heart and the flowers she had made to bloom for him. He came part of the way toward the south for her every year after that, and she also made a journey toward the north once a year hoping that she might breathe his winds again.

When the two met and talked together for a short time on the trail, it was fall and spring of the year. But when they were apart, the Indians had winter and summer, just as we do today.

The Three Sisters

Once upon a time and long ago, there were three sisters who lived together in a field.

These sisters were quite different from one another in their size and also in their way of dressing. One of the three was a little sister, so young that she could only crawl at first, and she was dressed in green. The second of the three wore a frock of

bright yellow, and she had a way of running off by herself when the sun shone and the soft wind blew in her face. The third was the elder sister, standing always very straight and tall above the other sisters, and trying to guard them. She wore a pale green shawl and she had long yellow hair that tossed about her head in the breezes.

There was one way in which the three sisters were alike. They loved one another very dearly and they were never separated. They were sure that they would not be able to live apart.

After a while a stranger came to this field of the three sisters, a little Indian boy. He was as straight as an arrow and as fearless as the eagle that circled the sky above his head. He knew the way of talking to the birds and the small brothers of the earth, the shrew, the chipmunk and the

young foxes. And the three sisters, the one who was just able to crawl, the one who wanted to run away, and the one with the flowing hair, were very much interested in the little Indian boy. They watched him fit his arrow in his bow, saw him carve a bowl of wood with his stone knife and wondered where he went at night.

Late that summer of the first coming of the Indian boy to their field, one of the three sisters disappeared. This was the youngest sister in green, the sister who could only creep. She was scarcely able to stand alone in the field when she went unless she had a stick to which she clung. Her sisters mourned for her until the fall, but she did not return.

Once more the Indian boy came to the field of the three sisters. He came to gather reeds at the edge of a stream nearby for

making arrow shafts. The two sisters who were left looked after him as far as they could and with wonder at the prints of his moccasins in the earth that marked his trail.

That night the second of the sisters, the one who was dressed in yellow and who always wanted to run away, disappeared. She left no mark of her going, but it may have been that she set her feet in the moccasin track of the little Indian boy.

Now there was but one of the sisters left. Tall and straight she stood in the field, not once bowing her head with her sorrow, but it seemed to her that she could not live there all alone. The days grew shorter and the nights were colder. Her green shawl faded and grew thin and old. Her hair, once so long and golden, was tangled by the wind. Day and night she sighed for her sisters to return to her, but they did not hear her.

He Felt Sorry for Her

Her voice when she tried to call to them was low and plaintive, like the wind.

But one day when it was the season of the harvest, the little Indian boy heard the crying of the third sister who had been left to mourn there in the field. He felt sorry for her, and he took her in his arms and carried her to the lodge of his father and mother. Oh, what a surprise awaited her there!

Her two lost sisters were there in the lodge of the little Indian boy, safe and very

glad to see her. They had been curious about the Indian boy and they had gone home with him to see how and where he lived. They had liked his warm cave so well that they had decided, now that winter was coming on, to stay there with him. And they were doing all they could to be useful.

The little sister in green, now quite grown up, was helping to keep the dinner pot full. The sister in yellow sat on a shelf drying herself, for she planned to fill the dinner pot later. The third sister joined them, ready to grind meal for the Indian boy. And the three were never again separated.

Who do you suppose these three sisters were? Why, you and every other child of today knows them, needs them just as much as did that little Indian boy. For the little sister in green is the Bean. And her sister

in yellow is the Squash. And the tall elder sister with the long flowing hair of yellow and the green shawl is the Corn. Listen to the song of the Corn at harvest time when the wind stirs the cornstalks. It is telling you the story of the three sisters, the friends of man, and how they first came.

How Grain Came to the Indians

In the long-ago days when it was said that the Indians and their brothers of the animal tribe were the same size and also very good friends, there was but one stalk of grain in the Cherokee country.

This was a tall stalk with the seeds for grinding into flour growing in ears along its sides. It stood alone in a large field, and the Indians had no other source of flour for making bread to bake in their fires. It was a precious stalk and the grandmother Indians needed it the most of all. The boys and girls could gather nuts and wild fruits

and berries during their season, or catch fish and roast them over a fire in the woods, but the older Indians needed the bread, which could only be made of grain.

In those days there was a flying tribe of the Goose people, the Dagulku. They were large and strong, wore red moccasins on their broad flat feet, had feather mantles and blew horns as they took their way through the swamps and the river lands. The Goose people spent their summers in the north, but when the Indian summer came to the Indians, the Dagulku, these Goose people, gathered their feather cloaks about them and flew away toward the south. The blasts from their horns could be heard at the time of the harvest and the Indians lived in fear of the Goose people, who were at that time large and powerful.

Once upon a time, when the asters and

goldenrod were in bloom and the wild apples were ripe, the loud clear honk, honk, honk of the Goose tribe's horns was heard one day at sunset. In the morning when the Indians came out of their lodges, they found that a terrible thing had happened. The Goose people had taken every grain that grew on the only stalk of grain in that country. There would never be any more bread grain, for there was no seed left to plant. There was great sorrow over this, and no one knew what would happen to the grandmother Indians.

Some of the animals offered to follow the Goose people and try to bring back even a little of the grain, but not one was successful. The larger animals, the Bear, the Wolf and the Deer, could not travel as fast as the Goose people, who had large, strong wings hidden underneath their feather

Flying Tribe of the Goose People, the Dagulku

cloaks. The smaller animals were even less successful. The Mole offered to dig his way through the earth beneath the trail of the Goose people, where he could not be seen. But the Mole lost his way as he dug. He made many tunnels and winding passages, just as he does to this day, but he did not bring back grain to the Indians.

In those days there was a tiny bird that wore a feather cloak of rainbow colors that shone in the sun like a mantle of jewels. This was the Humming Bird, as small then as he is now. His nest was no larger than the tip of the Indian's thumb, but this little bird had a heart for pity as large as his body was small. So he came to the council fire and asked if he might follow the Goose people and try to bring back grain to the village.

"You will never be able to do it," they

told him, "you are much too small, and your colors are so bright that the Goose people will see you and take you prisoner!"

In answer to this, the Humming Bird flew out of the Town House where the council sat, lighted on a stalk of goldenrod at the edge of the road, and was back before any one had seen him start.

"I can fly more swiftly than any other bird," he told the council, "and I am small enough to slip through the clutches of the Goose people. I have heard that they are clumsy people, with webbed feet inside their red moccasins. I beg that you allow me to go on this errand of mercy for the village!"

So the Humming Bird was allowed to fly after the Goose people, taking the same route through the sky that they had. Everyone gathered on the outskirts of the

vilage to watch him start. In a second he was lost to their sight. It was as if the Indians had tossed some diamonds and rubies and emeralds into the air and the fall wind had taken them and carried them toward the south.

Poor little Humming Bird! It was a long winter, and he did not return. Everyone thought that he would never return, but all that time he had been following the Goose people, darting down among them when they were not looking, and flying back by night to his village with a little of the grain seed in his mouth, which he dropped in the fields. There the seed slept in the rich earth all winter.

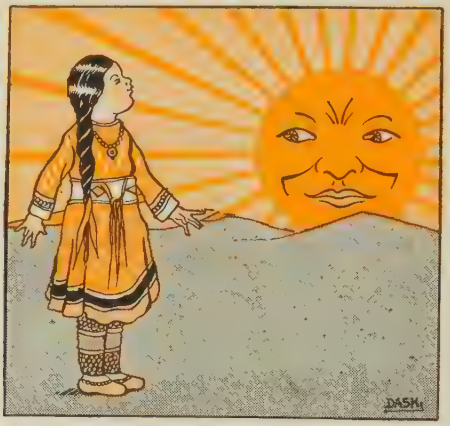
And one day in the summer, a field of ripe, yellow grain was found growing where, the year before, there had been but one stalk. There were other fields also.

Wheat, oats, rye and plenty of their former corn grew to feed the Indians. All summer a bright little bird darted in and out of the fields as happy as the sunbeams, for he knew that they were, too, his fields. It was the Humming Bird, the tiniest one of all, who had been of such use to the village. He is still the smallest of all the birds, but the one with the most beautiful colors, because of his kindness to his brothers, the Indians.

How Strawberries Came to the Earth

Once upon a time when the world was new, a little Indian boy had a sister whom he loved very much for a time. They played together, learning to shoot straight, gathering shells along the shores of the rivers and lakes and making necklaces and wampum belts, and learning the language of the forest.

But there came a day when these children had a quarrel. It started, as most quarrels do, about a very small matter, but this brother and sister parted on the edge



The Sun Spoke to Her

of the village. The little Indian girl went as fast as she could toward the east, where she knew the great Sun lived. Her brother started toward the west, but he changed his mind and decided to follow her. He, too, started in the direction of the east, but as his sister had several days' start, he was never able to catch up with her, although he pursued her for many moons.

At last this little Indian girl reached the Sunrise Place where, the Cherokee People thought, the Sun stretched down until

he touched the earth and took on the form of a man. She found the Sun dressed in such bright golden clothes and wearing so bright a crown that she was dazzled by the brightness. The Sun spoke to her, and the very strange part of it was that he knew all about the quarrel which had sent this child so far away from her home village.

"Should you like to see your brother again?" the Sun asked her, and she told him that she would like to ever so much.

So the Sun told her to turn back toward home and travel in the direction of the west, where she had left him.

In those days the Sun was the great giver of gifts to the Indians. As the Indian girl started back, he caused certain changes to be made in her path along the trail she took. Certain pleasant tasting berries began to show themselves at the

side of her path, first the shoots, then the flowering branches, and at last the berries themselves hanging ripe in the warm summer air.

As this Indian girl started on her search for her brother she came suddenly to a bush of the finest ripe blueberries in the path in front of her. They were large, sweet, and growing thickly on low branches within her reach, but the little girl could think of nothing but her wish to find her brother, so she passed the blueberries by without picking one.

But when she had a gone a short distance farther along the trail, she came to a bush of fat, ripe blackberries. They were as large as her thumb, and the bush was covered with them. They would have made a fine dinner, but still she went on, not once stopping to think of her hunger.

After a while there were fruits to tempt the Indian girl beside her path, wild plums, low hanging bunches of ripe grapes and cherries, such delightful fruits as she had never met before. The air was sweet with their fragrance; they were touched by the Sun with bright colors, but she passed them all until something brighter and sweeter and different from any of these met her sight.

They were berries, but a rich crimson in color. They grew close to her feet, but she was not able to resist them. She wanted to gather some of these sweet, red berries for her brother, for the wish had come to her heart to carry him a gift to make up for their silly quarrel. The little girl kneeled down on the earth and gathered a large bunch of the small red berries.

All at once a shadow lay on the mossy

path beside her. And the strawberries that she had gathered and held in her hand grew in size until she could scarcely hold them. Her kind wish to carry a gift to her brother had brought him to her, which was what the Sun had planned when he put the wild strawberries where she would find them along her trail.

Always after that, the Indians thought that strawberries had come to the earth to bring peace to families. From that time they were the sweetest, most sought for berries that the Sun gave to the earth in the summertime.

The Boy Who Went to the Sky

There was once upon a time a boy who was a fine ball player of his village of the Cherokee nation. He could catch well, run swiftly to the goal, and almost never did he lose a game for his side. And one season it was decided that his village should play a ball game with the village of the Cherokees on the other side of the Ridge. So the two teams met not far from Pilot Knob, and the game began.

This boy was very anxious, just as a boy of today would be, to help win the game for his village, and for a while the game

seemed to be going against him. Time and time again the players from the Indian village on the other side of the Ridge ran and made goal. This made the boy discouraged, and it also made him forget his honor.

His village must make the goal, he thought, so he did a thing which was forbidden in the rules of ball playing. He picked up the ball in his hand and tried to throw it to the goal. The Indians kicked the ball. It was not considered fair to touch it with their hands.

He thought that no one had seen him, and he was successful. The ball went straight to goal, but it did not stop there. The boys and girls and the braves who sat in a wide circle on the grassy field to watch the game saw a strange thing. Bounding away from the goal, the ball went up into

the air. Following the ball went the boy who had forgotten the rules of the game. His feet left the ball field. He seemed to be leaping up toward the sky to try and bring back the ball, but neither he nor the ball stopped. Up, up, higher and farther through the blue air they went until the ball was out of sight, and then the boy could no longer be seen.

It was magic which had happened, and the people rubbed their eyes with their wonder, and then they silently went home to their villages. It seemed to them to have been a lesson, for the boy's wrong play had been seen, not only by the Great Spirit of the Cherokee People, but by some of the ball players. They knew why the boy had been taken away from his friends.

That was in the ancient days before the Moon had appeared in the sky, but that

But Neither He nor the Ball Stopped

night a strange thing happened. Sitting late beside their camp fires the braves of all the villages of the Cherokee country saw a huge, round ball of silver rise in the sky and then hang there, lighting the forest trees with its wonderful, pale light. And on the surface of this ball of silver, could be seen the face of the boy who had not played fair in the ball game.

It was the ball which had been taken from the ball field up to the sky, and fastened there. In its light could be seen the boy who had been taken from the earth with it. The Moon had come to the heavens, a ball taken from the game field. The Indians had also a Boy-in-the-Moon, whose face could be seen when the Moon was full and who told them stories of what he saw from his place up there in the sky.

There had been ever so much that the

Indians could not understand about the sky. They wondered about the causes of storms and why the rainbow shone after a storm in all its beautiful colors. But now, as they listened to the tales told by the Boy-in-the-Moon, they learned all these things.

He said that the great Thunder and his sons, the two Thunder boys, lived far in the west above the vault of the sky. The lightning and the rainbow were their beautifully colored ceremonial robes, and the Thunder was called the Red Man of the sky because of the bright colors of his cloak. There were others of the Thunder family who lived lower down, in the cliffs and the mountains and under waterfalls, and who traveled on invisible bridges from one high mountain top to another where they had their Town Houses. When the rumbling of a storm could be heard on the

earth it was the voices and the footsteps of the Thunders taking their way over the hills.

The Boy-in-the-Moon had something to say, also, about the Sun. He said that the sky was an arch as solid as rock hung above the earth, and it was always swinging up and down, so that when it went up there was an open place like a gate between the sky and the earth, and when it swung back this door was closed. The Sun, like a man in shining garments and wearing a crown of bright gold, came out of this gate in the sky every day and climbed slowly from the east along the insides of the arch. The Sun had features like an Indian, but he was too bright for a human being to look upon without losing his eyesight. Earth men must wait until the sky was dimmer, after the return of the Sun to his door

in the evening, before looking at his bright robes.

Sometimes it was seen that the Moon was smaller. It was sometimes eclipsed. Everybody was amazed at an eclipse of the Moon, for the night would suddenly darken and the tribes would gather and fire guns and beat a drum. This eclipse came about because of a great Frog, who tried to swallow the Moon, and the drum frightened him away.

But the oddest thing about the Moon was its way of waxing and waning. From night to night it would be so large that the Indians could see the face of the Boy-in-the-Moon, and then it would be nothing but a silver thread in the sky above the pine trees.

This happened, the Boy-in-the-Moon told them, to remind ball players never to

cheat. When the Moon looked small and pale it was because someone had handled a ball unfairly. So it came about in the Cherokee country that they played ball after that only in the full of the moon.

How Arrow Heads Came

Tawi-skala, whose name in the words of the White Man means Flint, was, once upon a time, a great stone man who lived by himself a long way up in the mountains. And this stone man, Tawi-skala, was greatly feared, his loud, hard voice heard by the tribes of the animals and the birds when a storm broke into thunder, and his terrible arrows dealing death when the darts of the lightning came down into the valley.

At last the tribes of the animals and

birds met in council in the Town House to try and think of some way of getting rid of Tawi-skala.

Many plans were suggested, but the Rabbit, who was a very loud talker in those days and a most impulsive fellow, would agree to none of them. He told the council that no plan was needed in dealing with Tawi-skala. The thing to do, the Rabbit said, was to surprise this man of stone. Once they were able to bring him down from his home on the mountain and into their valley the way of dealing with him would be easy. The Rabbit never stopped to think that Tawi-skala was made of flint, that hard stone can strike fire. He would be only one against all the tribes of the animals and the birds. They would be able to keep him a prisoner with almost no effort at all.

This idea was opposed by such of the council as the Owl and the Terrapin, who were older and had better judgment than the Rabbit. They had learned through the years that Tawi-skala was a difficult man to handle. Nothing had been found that could hurt this chief of flint. His fiery heart was always burning.

But the council gave up at last to the loud, boastful talk of the Rabbit, but with this agreement. The Rabbit himself must carry out the strategy of bringing the man of stone down to the valley. And this pleased the Rabbit, for he was always on the lookout for glory and honor. So he was sent to make a friendly call on Tawi-skala and he started out dressed in his best blanket and with feathers in his ears.

Tawi-skala, a mighty stone man, as gray and as old as the mountain, stood at

the door of his lodge and frowned down at the little upstart Rabbit man who had come up to call on him. The Rabbit asked about his health, and if he were that vagabond called Flint by the tribes and if he had no lodge save that cave in the mountain side. All this time he watched to see if he could not catch Tawi-skala off his guard.

But the stone man did not once move. He only looked scornfully down at the Rabbit and asked where he lived.

"In the broom-grass down in the valley," the Rabbit told him and he asked Tawi-skala if he would not come down and see him. Tawi-skala said that he would be pleased to and the Rabbit invited him to come at once so that they would reach home in time for supper in the broom-grass field. So the two, a mighty man made of flint and a little boastful creature with

And a Little Boastful Creature

feathers in his ears, started down the mountain together, Tawi-skala's footsteps striking fire as he walked and almost singing the Rabbit's ears.

They came at last in triumph to the valley. The tribes of the animals and the birds watched as they went on to the Rabbit's small lodge. Tawi-skala laid himself

down in the broom-grass and the Rabbit hung his supper pot over the fire and blew up the coals. He brought steaming ladlefuls of stew out to the stone man and watched him craftily as the stars came out and Tawi-skala stretched out his great body and closed his eyes.

Now was come the Rabbit's chance to win glory for himself. He sharpened his knife, and cut from hard wood a mallet and wedge. Hearing the noise, Tawi-skala opened one of his eyes and asked what the Rabbit was about. The Rabbit told him that he liked to keep busy and he was making a few things that would be handy at any time. So Tawi-skala closed his eye again and in a few moments he seemed to be asleep. The Rabbit spoke to him several times and he did not stir or speak.

This was the moment for which the Rab-

bit had been waiting. He crept softly over to the spot where Tawi-skala slept in the broom-grass. He bent over Tawi-skala, his mallet in his paw. He placed one of the stakes he had cut on Tawi-skala's body and drove it straight through him, pinioning him to the ground. Then the Rabbit ran toward his lodge, but he was not quick enough for what happened.

In an instant the air was filled with flying stones and flashes of fire. Tawi-skala had broken up into a shower of small, pointed bits of flint that filled the valley and would have killed all the tribes of the animals and the birds if they had not been in hiding. These were the first arrowheads. The noise of the explosion when Tawi-skala broke up was heard even beyond that valley and mountain and the flint arrowheads flew for leagues about,

burying themselves in the ground. This is why boys may sometimes find arrowheads if they dig for them today.

The Rabbit could not resist turning at his doorstep to look at the havoc he had wrought and a flying bit of flint hit him and cut his lip a little. Ever since then the Rabbit has had a cleft lip and can not talk as much as he used to in council.

And when the hunting season began the Indian story tellers used to tell the children this story of Tawi-skala and the boastful Rabbit as a warning to them not to meddle with those powers of the earth that are stronger than man.

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The Rabbit and the Pine-gum Wolf

Once upon a time, in the land of the Red Man, there was a long season of dry weather. There was not enough water in the springs and the brooks for cooking and drinking. So the animals met in council to see what could be done about it, and they said that they would dig a well. They said that a hole could be dug so deep that it would give water for all, and if all would help with the digging this would be a great service for the village.

But the Rabbit, who was a lazy fellow, said "I won't dig!" He wanted water without the work of getting it.

So all the animals of the village came together with their shovels and ropes and began digging the first well, and the Rabbit sat on a stone watching them and making remarks about what hard work it was. The animals were too busy to answer him, but they could not understand how the Rabbit kept so sleek and fat and clean during that drouth, for they had told him that he could have no water unless he dug for it. He told them that a heavy dew on the grass gave him enough water for washing his face and drinking, but they knew this could not be so.

"The tricky Rabbit must come with his bucket at night to our well and draw water," they said to one another. And they made a big, black wolf of tar-gum and they set the Tar-gum Wolf beside the well at night, waiting to see what would

happen when the Rabbit crept through the corn-field from his lodge for water.

One night, when it was very dark, the corn stalks rustled and parted and along came the Rabbit, whistling softly in glee at his joke, for he thought that all the animals of the village were in bed and fast asleep. On one foot he carried his water bucket and he was going to draw up enough of the clear, cool well water for drinking and for filling his dinner pot when he cooked himself a mess of greens. Along came the Rabbit, not thinking of harm, but all at once he saw a great, dark form loom up in the night in his path. The form was close to the well which the Rabbit had not helped to dig. It was the Pine-gum Wolf.

"Who goes there?" asked the Rabbit boldly, but the Pine-gum Wolf said not a word.

This puzzled the Rabbit and he came nearer, setting down his bucket on the ground and getting ready to run if the strange creature chased him. Put the Pine-gum Wolf did not move or make a sound, so the Rabbit grew bolder.

"Who are you, and what are you doing at my well?" he shouted, but the Pine-gum Wolf did not move or make a sound.

So the Rabbit set down his water bucket, doubled up one paw, and hit the Pine-gum Wolf on the side of his head. He hit him so hard that his paw stuck tight in the pine-gum and although he pulled and pulled he was not able to get it loose.

This made the Rabbit angry. "If you don't tell me who you are, and let go of my paw, I will hit you with the other one," he told the Pine-gum Wolf.

The Pine-gum Wolf did not move or

Along Came the Rabbit

make a sound, so the Rabbit hit him on the other side of his head with his left paw. And then both the Rabbit's paws were stuck fast in the pine-gum and although he pulled and pulled, he was not able to get them loose.

This made the Rabbit very angry. "If you don't tell me who you are and what you are doing at my well, and if you don't let go of my paws, I will kick you!" he shouted in the ear of the Pine-gum Wolf. The Pine-gum Wolf did not move or make a sound, so the Rabbit kicked him with his right foot. And his foot stuck fast in the pine-gum and although he pulled and pulled, he was not able to get it loose.

This made the Rabbit very, very angry. "If you don't tell me who you are and what you are doing at my well, and if you don't let go of my paws and my foot," he shouted

in the ear of the Pine-gum Wolf, "I will kick you with my other foot."

The Pine-gum Wolf did not move or say a word, so the Rabbit kicked him with his left foot hard and it stuck fast. Now the Rabbit was through with his boasting and loud words. He could not move an inch. His two paws and his two feet were stuck so tightly in the Pine-gum Wolf that he was caught fast. He had to stay there until morning.

Very early in the morning the animals began to come out from the village with their buckets to carry back water from their well for cooking dinner. There they found the Rabbit, stuck fast in the Pine-gum Wolf with his water bucket standing in the road beside him.

How the animals laughed at the Rabbit! They did not need to do anything else.

And the Rabbit was so ashamed of himself when his neighbors pulled him loose from the Pine-gum Wolf that he loped off home by the back road and dug himself a well in his own back yard.

A Finer Tail than that of the Squirrel

When the Cricket was a Barber

In the old lodge days when there was a tribe of the animals and a tribe of the birds, all of them as large as their brother, the Indian, the Opossum was a very vain creature indeed. And the reason for the great pride of the Opossum was his tail. In those old lodge days the Opossum's tail was as long as it is now but it was much more beautiful. It was covered with long, soft hair so thickly that it was even a finer tail than that of the Squirrel, and the

Opossum was so proud of his rich looking tail that he wasted a great deal of time brushing it. He had even made up a song about it when he sang at the camp fire.

All the others had been given certain gifts by the Great Manitou of the forest of which they were proud. The Eagle had his strong, wide spreading wings, but these were for carrying him up to his nest on the mountain crag. The Terrapin had a long neck. He could stretch it out from under his shell and look ahead along the road for a long distance. But he knew that his neck was not for stretching, but to aid him in hiding his head quickly if he was in danger. The Bear's heavy fur coat was not to be boasted of but to keep him warm during his long winter sleep. The gray velvet coat of the Mole was to match in color the earth in which he tunneled. None

of the creatures thought as much about themselves as did the Opossum with his long, furry tail.

At last they could endure his vanity no longer and decided to play a trick on the Opossum.

There was to be a great camp fire just outside of the Town House of the Bears and wild potatoes and ears of corn were to be roasted. All the animals were invited and the Opossum began at once preparing himself for the feast. He sent word that he must have a special seat at the camp fire so that his tail would show to the best advantage, and the Rabbit, who carried the news, said that he might have a front seat. And the Rabbit advised the Opossum to go over to the Cricket, who spent his time in those days cutting hair. Indeed, he was so expert at it that the Indians called him

the little barber. The Rabbit told the Opossum that the Cricket was just the man to dress his tail nicely for the potato roast so that the hair would show to the best advantage. In the meantime the Rabbit went on ahead to the Cricket and carried the news to him of the Opossum's coming.

Early in the morning of the day set for the camp fire the Opossum went to the Cricket and told him what a fine appearance he wanted to make before the creatures. So the Cricket went right to work making him ready.

The Opossum stretched himself out and closed his eyes in satisfaction as the Cricket combed and brushed his tail many times and then wrapped a red string around it to keep it smooth until the evening. All day the Opossum walked carefully wherever he went so as not to loosen

And Did Tricks to Amuse the Company

the string. When the Partridge sounded the drum at the door of the Town House for the tribes to gather, off hurried the Opossum to take the front seat that had been saved for him.

Before the potatoes and corn had been put in the coals to roast, the animals stepped out in the light of the camp fire flames and did tricks to amuse the company. The Wolf howled and the Fox barked. The Deer jumped and the Squirrel showed how fast he could climb a tree. None of them thought about fine clothes, but the Opossum waited until the last so as to give a better exhibition of himself. He planned to walk slowly and gracefully around in the firelight, his tail flowing out like a banner behind him.

At last the Opossum's turn came to amuse the company and he stepped proudly

out, holding his tail which was still bound about with the red string, in one paw. When all eyes were upon him and he was in the center of the company, the Opossum began to untie the string. He did it very carefully. The drummers began to drum. The Opossum lowered his tail and started moving in time to the drum, crying in a loud voice, "Behold my beautiful tail!"

His cry was taken up and repeated by the tribes. "See the Opossum's beautiful tail. Behold its color and the richness of its fur!" they chanted.

But the Opossum noticed at last that certain of the animals could not sing, for they were laughing so hard. Others were holding their mouths with their paws. So he turned and looked at himself. Oh, what did he see!

He no longer had a single hair on his

tail. It was as bare as the tail of a mouse. As the Cricket had combed and brushed it he had cut each hair and then he had wrapped and wound the red string about them to cover up what he had done. In the trail of the Opossum around the camp fire was the hair which had come off his tail as he showed it off.

So the Opossum lost his vanity. He now had a tail as smooth as that of a Lizard. But the story tells us that he took his lesson in a sporting way. When the Opossum saw how much he had really amused the company he lay down on his back and rolled over on the ground, laughing with the rest.

To this day the Opossum does the same thing. When he is surprised he rolls over and grins, for his odd, long tail is still bare.

How the Squirrel Won the Ball Game

Nuts dropped down into the woods path with a sudden tap-tap. The air was full of the smell of wild apples, now ripe. The corn fields stood thick with rich ears and on the ground lay ripe golden pumpkins. It was such a pleasant time of the year that all the animals decided to have a great game of ball. In a large crowd, they started together through the forest to a clearing of which they knew with their ball. It was a grassy bottom with a river close by, a fine place to play ball, and all the birds took places in the trees up on

the Ridge so as to have good places for watching the game.

The Bear, who was the captain of the animals' ball team, came first, huge and proud in his strength. He walked a distance ahead of the rest and as he went he picked up and then tossed aside mighty logs of wood. This was to show how powerful he was.

Not far behind the Bear came the Terrapin who, in those once-upon-a-time days, was very much larger and stronger than he is now. As he went to the animals' ball game the Terrapin often stood up on his back legs and then fell down with a flop on all fours again. This was to show how hard his shell was, stronger than were the Bear's paws.

The Bat was also proud of himself. Just before they started he had asked for

a piece of drum-head leather and some strips of cane. With these he had cut and stiffened a pair of wings for himself which he had fastened to his forelegs so that he could bat a ball very well with one of them. By doing this the Bat felt that he would be given an important place as batter in the ball field.

Each of the animals went to the ball game with much pride. The Rabbit was proud of the noise he could make when he drummed with his back feet. The swift running Deer planned to run base with the ball. Each thought of his own part in the

fun and had little feeling for his friends. And when they reached the ball ground the animals began to quarrel.

Up on the Ridge the birds were all in place, seated in the trees, to see the game. In those days the Eagle was the king of the birds. He it was who said which birds might have front seats and as he watched with his sharp eyes he saw an odd little creature climbing up the trunk of a pine tree. It was no larger than a good sized field mouse. It was dressed, not in gay feathers, but wore a dark fur coat. Although it had wings of a sort fastened to its legs, it had also four feet. The Eagle told this odd little creature that it could not have even a back seat among the birds. He said that it must stay down on the ground with the smaller animals that had four legs.

Up on the Ridge the Birds Were All in Place

But this small creature had just been driven away from the ball field by the Bear because it had wings. It did not know what to do or where to go. It continued to climb up the trunk of the pine tree until it reached the end of a high limb where the Eagle sat, and it told the Eagle of its troubles. Now that it had come so far, the Eagle told it that it might remain if it did not crowd or push the birds. So this strange little creature with four feet and two wings and a fur coat instead of feathers took a place to look on at the ball game.

The game began. The Bear pitched the ball and because of his great strength he pitched it too far. The Bat missed it. Up, up went the ball as far as the Ridge and there the strange little creature caught it easily with one of his wings and sent it to the Eagle. The Eagle pitched it in

among the birds and they kept it going up there so high until they made goal up on the Ridge.

Again and again this happened. The Bear would pitch the ball too high. The Bat would not be able to stop it with his new wings. The flying Squirrel—yes, the strange little creature with four feet and two wings and a fur coat was the Flying Squirrel—would catch the ball. Then the Eagle would pitch it and goal would be made among the birds. The animals had never thought that a bird could play ball, having but two legs. And indeed the birds never would have scored that day if the Flying Squirrel had not been there to catch for them.

So he was given a high position among them and he grew larger than a field mouse. The animals gave him a feast of

nuts and corn after the game was over and they all crowded about to admire him. They no longed looked at him with scorn because he was half bird and half animal. For this very reason, they saw, he had been able to play a better game of ball then they.

And it is said that from that day to this when the days of the harvest come, all squirrels play ball with nuts in the woods in remembrance of the fall when their cousin, the Flying Squirrel, won the ball game.

How the Terrapin Lost His Whistle

Of all the creatures of the old Cherokee lodge days, the Terrapin was the slowest. He walked and traveled slowly. He was always the last one to arrive at a council meeting and the last one to leave. The others spoke to him about his tardy way of living, but the Terrapin did not seem to heed any advice. He thought that there was very little wrong with him since he was living as all his family, his grandfather and his great grandfather, had lived. There was another reason why the Terrapin seldom hurried. He had a whistle in those

days and he liked to bask in the sun beside some swamp and play to himself on it. He liked to listen to the music he could make upon it.

It was a willow whistle, carved and shaped for the Terrapin's mouth with a sharp stone knife. It was thought, in the days when these creatures were so like their brothers, the Indians, that they had and used the same tools. It was thought that the Terrapin had a stone knife, and he was the only one who knew how to make a willow whistle. The tribe envied the Terrapin his whistle, and they all planned ways of getting it away from him.

But the Terrapin lay beside a warm bank and played to himself without once thinking of danger. He had never made plans himself, so he did not think that any of his neighbors had. He was very much

When the Partridge Came Up to Him One Day

surprised, but not at all worried, when the Partridge came up to him one day and asked if he might borrow the Terrapin's whistle.

"I want only to try it," the Partridge told the Terrapin, "and as soon as I have played a few notes on it I will give it right back to you."

"Are you sure that you will give it back to me?" the Terrapin asked, for the idea had come to him that there might be some trick about this.

"If you doubt me," said the Partridge,

"you can stay right here, close beside me, as I whistle."

This seemed fair, so the Terrapin gave the Partridge his fine willow whistle and the Partridge walked around blowing it proudly and in fine fashion.

"What do you think of it?" he asked the Terrapin.

"Fine! You blow well!" said the Terrapin, walking along beside the Partridge.

"Well, how do you like this?" the Partridge asked, playing the whistle more loudly and going along a path toward the woods faster than he had been walking before.

"Fine!" said the Terrapin, hurrying, for he was not used to walking so fast.

"And this?" asked the Patridge, making greater haste and whistling faster.

"Very good," said the Terrapin, "but don't walk so fast. I can't keep up with you."

"I will wait for you, then," said the Partridge, stopping at the foot of a tree. So the Terrapin came up in his slow way and when he was alongside the bird the Partridge again blew the whistle.

"How do you like this tune?" the Partridge asked. "Are you close enough to hear me?"

He blew and blew, as the Terrapin craned his long neck with his small round head on the end of it to listen.

"You play finely," said the Terrapin, "almost as well as I."

But just then the Partridge spread his wide wings and flew with the whitsle way up to the top of the tree and that was the last the Terrapin ever saw of his whistle.

He often heard it, though, as the Partridge blew it out in the woods. Ever since then the Partridge has been the one

bird who has a whistle like the one the Terrapin made for himself. And ever since then the Terrapin has put his head underneath his shell when he thinks how he lost his whistle, and he spends a great deal of his time shut up there inside his house.

Why the Turkey Gobbles

Once upon a time the Turkey decided to try and become a great medicine man —that is, he wanted to be important enough to be asked to make loud speeches around the council fires. He had everything in those days that a Turkey could want, just as he has now. He had a long red beard, a cloak of fine feathers and all the corn that he could eat. But the Turkey was envious. He was jealous of the Grouse who had such a loud voice that he could shout at a ball game, take part in a concert and was often asked to make a great

speech at council meetings. In those days the Turkey had hardly any voice to speak of and what he did have he could not use very well.

So the Turkey went to the Grouse and asked if he might take lessons in singing.

The Grouse told the Turkey that he would try to teach him to sing if he would pay for the lessons in a few of his gay feathers. This the Turkey said he would do and he kept his promise honestly. To this day you can see that the Grouse wears a ruffle of feathers around his neck. These are the feathers that the Turkey gave him in payment for some lessons in singing.

But the singing lessons did not go very well. This was not the fault of the Grouse. He got up on a log and showed the Turkey how to take a deep breath and then hold it before he uttered a note. But the Turkey

So the Turkey Went to the Grouse

was too busy strutting about the forest to stop long enough to breathe as he was told. He thought that it was enough just to watch the Grouse and not take the time to breathe and practice. The Turkey was already fancying himself entering the Town House as a great medicine man, his red beard almost reaching the ground and his feather cloak trailing behind him.

After a while the day came when the lessons were at an end. All that the Turkey had paid for had been given to him by the Grouse and the Grouse told the Turkey that now had come the time for him to try his voice. He said that the Turkey must stand up on a log in the woods and when he tapped on it, the Turkey was to raise his voice as he would if he were making a speech or starting a song.

But this plan did not suit the Turkey

who had grown very fat with his pride during the days of his training. He wanted to have the men of the tribe there to listen to him as he spoke. He wanted to tell them in his first speech of the new laws he would lay down, the numbers of baskets of corn which they must bring him and the new lodge he wished built for him.

The Grouse advised the Turkey against this but he was stubborn. He had the Crow, who owned the corn fields, the Beaver, who was so skilful a builder, the Terrapin, who could give his shell to make a food bowl, and the Red Bird, with his bright feathers, come to listen to him. He asked the Partridge, who could whistle loudly, to call other guests among the animals and birds. When they had come and had seated themselves in a respectful circle around the fallen log, the Turkey stood up on it.

The Grouse looked at him anxiously, but he tapped three times on the log. Then the Turkey opened his mouth wide. He tried to make his speech.

Oh, what a noise he made! He could not remember even the words he had known before he took his lessons in singing. He could not use his old harsh voice by which the tribes had known him.

GOBBLE! GOBBLE! GOBBLE! This was all that the Turkey could say.

His voice would do nothing else for him. He had not paid attention to his lessons well enough to learn anything. While he was counting the kernels of corn to which he was looking forward, planning his new lodge, and pretending that he was already a medicine man, he had lost even his old way of speaking. He kept on saying GOBBLE, GOBBLE, GOBBLE, and

could not stop as the Grouse, very much ashamed of his pupil, kept on tapping on the log.

Some of the animals and birds were frightened at the noise. Others laughed at the Turkey. All of them went home soon, for his gobbling was not pleasant to listen to. But he was not able to stop. Ever since then the Turkey has gobbled and always louder when he hears a noise that makes him think of the Grouse tapping on the log out there in the woods.

Why the Rabbit has a Short Tail

Once upon a time in the days when the Indians believed that the animals could talk and had their own Town House, the Rabbit had a long, bushy tail.

Each animal had his own way of dressing, which each one liked best. Some wore brown fur coats, some white and some yellow. Tails were worn long, short, with rings or without, as one chose. But there arose a question as to which of all the animals was the best dressed for the winter. So the Bear called them together in the Town House to decide.

In those days the Otter was a little country fellow, seldom coming to town, but it was rumored that he had a rich and beautiful fur coat. This was said to be the finest fur coat in the world. So the Rabbit, who had only a short-haired coat, went a four days' journey to the country where the Otter lived. The Rabbit was full of tricks and he planned all the way how he could get for himself the Otter's beautiful brown fur coat.

At last he came upon a little animal getting his farm ready for the cold weather and he knew him at once by his coat to be the Otter. And the Rabbit told him that he had been sent by the Bear to lead him to the Town House. The Rabbit said that it was an unsafe road, so the Otter thanked him for his kindness and they started off together.

They traveled without resting all day and when night came the Rabbit made a camp. The Otter was a stranger in that part of the woods, so the Rabbit cut down bushes and made beds and did everything well. The next day, as they went along, the Rabbit cut down more bushes and carried them on his back. This was so that they should be ready for their camp when evening came.

After a good supper that night, the Rabbit cut a stick and began whittling and carving it to make a paddle. The Otter asked why he did this and the Rabbit told him that he always had pleasant dreams if he slept with a paddle under his head. But when the paddle was finished, the Rabbit cut a clear road from their camp down to the bank of the river which was all frozen over. This seemed odd to the Otter, but

the Rabbit told him stories about the great dangers of that part of the country. He told the Otter that it often rained fire, even in the winter. The place was called, he said, The Place Where it Rains Fire. The Rabbit said that the sky looked as if it might rain a little fire that night, but he would try to keep awake and tell the Otter when it was time to run.

And the Rabbit advised the Otter to hang his coat up on a tree, for fear it might be burned.

The Otter did this and the two lay down, side by side, to sleep in the warmth of their camp fire, but the Rabbit kept one eye open. Soon the fire burned down until it was only a bed of glowing coals. Then the Rabbit arose softly, filled his paddle with the hot coals, tossed them as high as he could in the air and told the Otter in a loud voice that the rain of fire had begun.

"To the water!" cried the Rabbit. So the Otter ran like the wind down the trail the Rabbit had made into the water. Ever since then, the Otter has liked better to stay in the water than on land.

Then the Rabbit put on the Otter's beautiful brown fur coat and went proudly home to the council of the animals. All the animals were there waiting for the Otter, expecting that his coat would win the first prize. At last they saw him coming in the distance and they all stood to welcome him.

So the Otter walked into the council wearing his beautiful brown fur coat, but he held his paw over his nose!

This surprised the Bear, who had met the Otter during trips he had taken north and did not remember him as a bashful fellow. The Bear felt, too, that any animal

The Bear Caught the Rabbit by His Long Bushy Tail and It Came Off

coming to an important council at the Town House ought to walk with his head straight up and his paws down at his side. So the Bear went up to the Otter and pulled his paw away from his nose.

It was not the Otter, but the Rabbit. They all knew the Rabbit by his cleft nose. Not even the Otter's beautiful brown fur coat could cover that up. The Rabbit tried to run away and return the coat to the Otter, so he went in great haste out of the Town House, but not so quickly that he escaped the Bear. The Bear caught the Rabbit by his long bushy tail and it came off.

Ever since then the Rabbit has worn his old short-haired coat in the winter, and winter and summer he has had a short tail.

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Why the Rabbit Winters in a Hollow Tree

In the old cave days, when the Cherokee Indians had no lodges except those that they dug for themselves in the sides of the hills, the animals and birds were much larger than they are now. The animals had a large Town House in the Cherokee country where the Bears lit up a great camp fire and listened in a court of justice to all complaints and to the needs of the smaller ones, such as the Otter, the Rabbit and the Squirrels.

And in those once-upon-a-time days it

was considered great sport to go duck hunting in the first cool days of the fall.

The Ducks would be preparing for migrating in the swamps and marshy lands. Those of the animals who were skilled in the sport of hunting would track the Ducks with snares, or pursue them with bows and arrows bringing them home to make a fine supper as they broiled them over their fires in the evening.

The Rabbit was so boastful that he thought there was nothing which he could not do. And he was also so full of tricks that he was almost always able to make the tribe think that he could do all of which he boasted. In those days he ate, just as he does now, corn and vegetables but he had such a thick coat that he did not mind the weather. The Rabbit stayed out in the woods, winter and summer, never needing

any sort of shelter. So he was near the animals' Town House when the Duck shooting began that fall.

None of the animals were so skilled at catching the wild Ducks as the Otter. Although he was so small and seldom came to town from the country where he lived, the Otter was always able to catch a brace of Ducks quicker than anyone else. Seeing the Otter in the village one day, the Rabbit went up to him and suggested that he go home with him and help the Otter hunt Ducks.

The Otter was surprised, for he knew that the Rabbit was not fond of the water. Once the Rabbit had tried to go fishing and it had been necessary to pull him out of the water with a fish-line, and that was said to be one of the reasons why the Rabbit's nose is split. The fish-hook had cut it.

But the Otter was a kind little fellow and he said that he would take the rabbit home with him for the Duck hunting. The Rabbit told the Otter that he was very fond of roasted duck, although it was well known that he had never in all his life eaten meat. He did not have a set of teeth for eating meat. So the two set out for a marshy place where the Otter knew there would be a flock of wild Ducks at that time of the year.

The Otter was right about this. After traveling several days he and the Rabbit came to a marsh shining through the reeds, and in the small lake that lay in the middle could be seen the bright feathers of the Wild Ducks.

"Now watch me!" said the Otter as he dived from the bank and swam under water until he had reached the Ducks without being seen by their leader. He pulled down

a Duck, still unseen by the flock, swam back with it under the water and climbed up the bank with it to show the Rabbit.

The Rabbit looked with scorn at the single Duck. "With four feet one should be able to catch at least a pair of Ducks," he told the humble little Otter. "Watch me, and I will show you how a hunter from town catches game!"

With that the Rabbit peeled some tough bark from a tree that grew on the edge of the swamp and with it he made himself a stout noose. Tossing the noose over his shoulder, the Rabbit dived into the water and started to swim under it as he had seen the Otter do. He did not stop to think that he must hold his breath, but called to the Otter as he went under,

"At least two ducks for me, and four if I am not mistaken!"

As the rabbit spoke he swallowed ever so much water and he was almost choked and had to come up to the surface for air. But he dived a second time and swam on as best he could until he saw, as he came up again for air, that he was near enough to the flock of Ducks to throw his noose among them. He did this, throwing it as far as he could, for he was now very weak from the unusual effort of swimming. But he was able to toss the noose over the head of one duck and then pull it tight.

The Duck was a large bird with wide and strong wings. Its wings were stronger than the legs of the foolish little Rabbit. The Duck spread its wings and flew up—up and then away across the swampy lands carrying the Rabbit dangling on behind. In his swimming the Rabbit had tangled himself so tightly in the noose that he was

securely caught. He was tied as fast as was the duck in the noose.

So they went on and on, the Duck taking long, wide wing strokes through the chilly air and the Rabbit dangling on behind but too weak to cry for help. The Otter saw him go but was powerless to help him. He went to town a few days after that and spread the news, but no one was very sorry for the fate of the Rabbit, because of his tricks and his boasting. They all thought, too, that he must be dead by this time, so nobody went to look for him.

In the meantime the Duck flew on and on for miles and at last it stopped to rest in the top of a sycamore tree. The Rabbit, with the last of his failing strength, gnawed himself loose from the bark noose but he was not used to climbing trees. He fell down, down into the hollow trunk of the

sycamore tree near the roots and after a while the Duck flew on and left him there.

It grew colder each day and winter came on. The Rabbit was a long way from home and the hole in the sycamore tree was so deep that he couldn't get out. He had to gnaw bark and at last he began to pull out the fur from his coat to make himself a bed. He has done this ever since and that is the reason why the Rabbit feels the cold now. At last he was sure that he could live no longer there in the tree and just then he heard the footsteps of some Indian children on the bare ground of the forest.

The Rabbit made a great effort and sang a song to attract their attention.

"Cut my door and look at me!"

"I'm the prettiest thing you ever did see!" sang the Rabbit in a quavering voice.

The children had a sharp stone knife

with them so they cut a hole in the sycamore tree and out hopped the half-starved, thin little Rabbit who ran off home through the woods.

But ever since that day when the Rabbit went Duck hunting, it has been decreed that he must spend part of the winter in hiding in a hollow tree with nothing but bark to eat, for the great spirit of the Indians always punished a boaster.

The Field Mouse Found Out

How the Deer Won His Antlers

ONCE upon a time when it was thought that there was a tribe of animals as large as their brothers, the Indians, it was important that there should be swift runners among them. Messages had to be carried from one valley to another. Scouts must run with the warning of enemies on their way from the north. Of all these runners the Deer was the most swift, although in those days he wore no antlers. His head was as round and smooth as is the doe's today.

And one season the animals made a large camp-fire outside their Town House and they showed for the first time a pair of beautiful antlers which their brothers, the Cherokee braves, had carved from bone. These antlers were long, smooth and gracefully curved. They were sharp enough to gore an enemy. They would be a fine decoration for the one who wore them and it was decreed at the council fire that these bone antlers should be given to that animal who proved himself the fleetset runner.

If the Deer seemed to be the swiftest in getting over the ground at that time, the Rabbit was a high jumper. While the other animals were taking their way on their four feet along the road, the Rabbit would reach the end of the road before them by hopping over the low bushes and trees which they had to go around. So it

was decided at the council that the Deer and the Rabbit should run a race to see which of them would be able to win and wear the antlers.

They were to start at the same time from the edge of a thicket and go through it as a test of the hazards one often met in running a race. Once through this thicket they were to turn around and come back, and the one who first reached the Town House would win the antlers.

So the race started. All the animals were there and the antlers were set down at the entrance to the thicket to mark the starting point. The animals were admiring them and thinking how well they would become the head of the winner when the Rabbit spoke.

"This part of the country is strange to me," he said, putting his paw over his mouth

to conceal a smile. "That is unfair to me. I must look through those bushes among which I am to race. I must get the lay of the land or I shall be at a disadvantage from the start."

This was agreed by the umpires to be fair. Ever since the Rabbit had lost his tail as the result of having stolen the Otter's fur coat and trying to pretend that he was the Otter at the council, he had stayed away from the village. He came in only when he needed to buy supplies. He was also sensitive about his split nose, cut when he tried to outwit Tawi-skala, the flint man. So the animals were beginning to feel pity for the Rabbit.

"Hop along then, little fellow," the Bear said to him generously, "and explore the bush, but don't be long for we want the race to start."

In a second the Rabbit disappeared in the thicket and did not return for a long time. At first the animals waited patiently. They were too large to follow him into the brambles and they had trusted to his word for his return. But the Sun rose high in the sky and then started on its westward road, and still the Rabbit did not come.

At last the animals appointed the Field Mouse, who was small enough to go almost anywhere, a messenger to creep into the brush and try to find out what the Rabbit was up to. The Field Mouse found out. He returned and told the council of animals waiting at the Town House that the Rabbit was very busy in the forest making himself a fine, crooked little road. He was cutting away the branches with his sharp teeth to make himself a rabbit road, only wide enough for himself, but not for any other

animal. He did not see the Field Mouse, but was planning to win the race when he finished the road.

"Traitor! Sneak!" cried and howled the animals as they sent for the Rabbit to be brought to the Town House. He told them, without a smile, that he had found the road through the bush already cleared when he went to explore that thicket. But he had the bits of bark sticking to his teeth and his whiskers as he told this lie, and his paws were still earthy from digging.

In those days there was swift justice meted out by the animals in their Town House, which was used also by their brothers, the Indians. So the new antlers of carved and polished bone were set upon the head of the Deer to be his for always and it was found that they fitted him very well. Nobody could outrun him, and so he has worn his antlers until today.

The tricky little Rabbit was sent back to the thicket to finish cutting and clearing a road. He was kept at this road building all that season, for it was thought that this path would be useful for the smaller animals who had not such sharp teeth for cutting branches as the Rabbit had. And it was decreed that the Rabbit should not be able to jump so far after that. He had to make his own roads in the tangled places of the forest if he wanted to travel after that, for he couldn't leap over them as he had in the old days.

We can find his roads now if we look sharply in the woods. They are narrow, winding roads that go like a maze through the brush.

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Why the Deer Eats Leaves

So it had come about that the Deer wore large bone antlers, because he was the swiftest runner of all in the tribe of the animals. And the Rabbit had been made the road builder of those old lodge days, because he had not been honest at the time of the contest for the antlers. And the Rabbit was angry at the Deer. He tried to think of a way by means of which he might outwit the Deer.

The Deer was large and beautiful to look at and fleet, but he was not quick witted. This the Rabbit knew, and it helped him

plan his revenge. One day, not long after the council had set the antlers on the Deer's head, the Rabbit went to the woods and cut down a thick wild grape vine. He carried this vine as far as the edge of the woods and there he stretched it across the trail, first gnawing it almost in two in the middle. Next he went back a short way into the forest, ran as fast as he could and jumped over the grape vine which he had stretched quite high. The Rabbit went on doing this, running and leaping over the vine, until just what he had hoped would happen did.

Along came the Deer and asked why he was making these jumps by himself.

"Only to show how strong and clever I am," the Rabbit told him. "I could bite this grape vine in two as I leap over it if I wanted to."

The Deer Was Large and Beautiful to Look at

This seemed impossible to the Deer. "Let me see you do it!" he told the Rabbit.

The Rabbit went back, ran swiftly again and made a great leap, biting through the vine where he had gnawed it before. It seemed a wonderful trick to the Deer, who was so fleet a runner and could leap so high himself. He told the Rabbit that he could do the same thing, and the Rabbit said for the Deer to try it.

So the Rabbit found an even tougher length of grape vine, brought it to the Deer and stretched it across the path as he had done with the other one. The Deer went back into the woods just as he had seen the Rabbit do, came swiftly out again and made a flying leap over the rope of vine trying to cut it in two with his teeth as he leaped.

There is hardly any rope so tough as the wild grape vine and as he tried to cut

it, it flew back and caught the Deer's head as if he were caught in a noose. It took him some time to pull himself out of it, but he did not want to give up. The Rabbit was sitting by the side of the road laughing at him, so the Deer tried again. Over and over he tried to jump across the grape vine and cut it, but he could not. His attempts only left him bruised and bleeding.

Now had come the chance for which the Rabbit had been waiting. He spoke to the Deer. "Let me look at your teeth," he said. "Of course, I see why you can't cut the vine. You have long teeth like those of a Wolf, but they are not sharp enough to cut anything so tough. If you like, I will help you to sharpen your teeth until they are like mine. With my sharp teeth I can cut through wood even."

This seemed to the Deer to be a kind

offer. The Rabbit showed him the shoot of a twig of black locust wood. This is a wood from which rabbits like to eat off the young shoots and it was shaved as clean as if it had been done with a knife. The Deer though it would be fine if he were able to shave wood like that. So the Rabbit brought a very hard stone with a rough edge and with this he filed and filed the Deer's teeth until they were smoothed off almost to his gums and the Deer endured it although it hurt him.

Once he cried out, but the Rabbit told him that he must try and bear the pain. He said that it always hurt to have ones teeth sharpened, and at last he had finished and told the Deer to try his teeth.

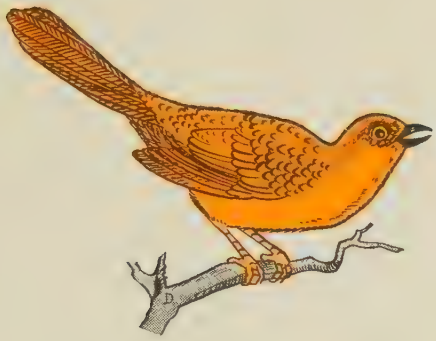
Oh, what had happened to the Deer's nice long teeth! The Rabbit gave him a small branch to bite and the Deer could

not bite at all. Now his teeth were so short and so blunt, that he could eat nothing but grass and leaves.

"That was to make you pay for your antlers!" laughed the Rabbit as he hopped off through the thicket to his lodge. "You may be a swifter runner than I, but you don't use your wits very well."

So that was when the Deer first had blunt teeth. He has blunt teeth still, and if you should be able to come close enough to him in the woods to watch him feed, you would see that the Deer still eats only grass and leaves.

The Raccoon



How Color Came to the Redbird

In the old days, when the Cherokee Indians lived in caves and had the Thunder, the Sun and the Four-footed Tribes for neighbors, man was afraid of the Wolf. In the beginning the Wolf had sat with man beside the fire, but he went to live in the mountains and became wild, running only with the Pack and coming to the valley to hunt. But certain of the animals were not afraid of the Wolf. Among these was the Rabbit. Yes, indeed, there was a time

when the Rabbit got the better of old Wolf.

Wolf had caught the Rabbit and was going to eat him for dinner, but the Rabbit asked him to wait until he had taught the Wolf a new dance.

"It will give you the position of Medicine Man in your Pack," the Rabbit said, so the Wolf allowed the Rabbit to dance before him.

The Rabbit went pit-a-pat with his feet and began to trip around the Wolf in a circle singing,

"On the edges of the field I dance about.
Ha-nia lil, Ha-nia-lil."

And he told the Wolf to follow him to the edge of the field as he sang the first line of his song, and to stamp his feet very hard and fast as he sang the last last line which was the Cherokee battle call.

The Wolf thought this fun, although he

was not so limber as the Rabbit, who danced faster and faster, and sang louder and louder until old Wolf was almost ready to drop from this unusual exertion. Farther and faster went the Rabbit followed by the Wolf until at last they came to the long grass at the border of the field and, with one great leap, the Rabbit jumped into a hollow stump and the Wolf was not able to get him out.

News of this trick which the Rabbit had played on so important an animal as the Wolf came out and was told with much laughter at the council fires. The smaller animals laid in wait for the Wolf when he came down from the mountain to try and play tricks on him too, and sometimes they were successful.

Once, when Wolf was hunting for Terrapin to make him into a soup, the

Opossum, who was in a tree directly above the Wolf where he crouched in waiting for the slow-moving Terrapin to come along with his house on his back, threw down so large a persimmon from the tree that it stuck in the Wolf's throat. And as he lay there trying to swallow the fruit, along came the Terrapin and cut off the Wolf's ears to use for porridge spoons. Ever since then the Wolf has had very short ears.

And soon all the smaller animals grew reckless and made fun of the Pack, and there came a time when the Wolf was going down to the river to drink and along came the Raccoon who laughed at him. The Raccoon could laugh more loudly than any of the other four-footed tribes. He lay down on his back with his feet in the air and chuckled hard at the Wolf's short ears. Then he ran as fast as he could, reaching a

tree up which he climbed before the Wolf could catch him. But the Wolf thought that he had jumped into the river and in he went himself, thinking to catch the laughing Raccoon.

It was only the shadow of the Raccoon that the Wolf had seen, and he came close to being drowned before he could scramble out of the water and up the bank to safety again. He lay down in a sunny spot to take a nap and as old Wolf lay there dozing and sunning himself, down the tree came the Raccoon softly and covered the Wolf's eyes with wet clay from the river bank. The Wolf might as well have been blind, for the sun hardened the clay until it was like stone on his eyelids.

The Raccoon ran away to carry the news of this last trouble Wolf had brought upon himself by trying to catch a little

animal and, left alone by the river, the Wolf began to whine. He whined as sadly as a dog does, and he cried because he was blind until his crying was heard by one of another Tribe, a little brown bird who lived close by in the forest. Through the bushes came this little brown bird and she asked the Wolf what was the matter with him and why he lay there as if he were dead and did not get up and run with the Pack. She was a very brave little bird.

So she heard what had happened, how the joking Raccoon had covered the Wolf's eyes with clay so that he was blind and the little brown bird felt a great pity for him.

"Lie as still as you can and be patient," she told old Wolf, "and I will try and give you your sight again."

So the Wolf lay still and the little brown bird pecked and pecked at his eyes with her sharp bill, carrying the clay to the river

bank as she took it off his eyes so that no one would know anything about it. Before the sun had set, the task was finished and the Wolf could see again.

"What a dull color your dress is," the Wolf said as he opened his eyes and saw his kind little friend.

The brown bird hung her head, for she was ashamed of her lack of color, but the Wolf had an idea.

"Hop on my back!" he told her, "and I will take you to a rock of which I know that has a streak of bright red color in it. Red paint runs right through that rock and you can use it for painting your dress."

So the little brown bird did as the Wolf told her to and she returned to the forest with a beautiful new dress. She became the Redbird, and the Redbird she has been ever since in memory of the time when she helped old Wolf.

The Pine Tree and the Stars

Have you seen the bright stars that circle the sky in the constellation of the Pleiades? You may have watched these sparkling lights from a camp fire in the woods when the flames were dying down and a tall pine tree beside your tent seemed to stretch as far as the sky.

There is a very old story that the Indians told to boys and girls about the Pleiades and the Pine.

Once upon a time there were seven boys of the Cherokee people, all about the same age, all neighbors and all of them fonder of play than they were of work.

Every evening after supper they liked to gather near the town house of their village and roll their stone wheels, driving them swiftly along with curved sticks. This was a favorite Indian game. These seven boys would rather play it than eat and they often began it in the afternoon and did not go home to supper at all.

So the mothers talked the matter over with the fathers and it was decided that something must be done with these seven thoughless little boys to make them come home on time for their meals, and in time to go to bed after supper. The next night when it was too dark for rolling their stone wheels any longer, the seven boys went slowly home and they found out what their punishment was to be.

They hurried into the lodges of their parents, each grasped a ladle made of a

So the Mothers Talked the Matter Over

dried gourd and dipped it into the pot of hot corn mush that was kept full from morning until night. Alas, what do you think they dipped up? They found their ladles full of nothing but hot stones. Their mothers told them that if they wished to play with their stone wheels instead of coming home when it was time, they would find nothing but stones in the dinner pot. There would be no corn for them.

The boys were angry. They knew that they had deserved a punishment, but they felt that this was too heavy a one. They met the next day and talked it over among themselves. They decided that they would not go home at all. They said that they would roll their wheels down there at the town house as long and as late as they liked. They hoped that this would make their parents miss them, and perhaps they would

come to them with bowls of hot supper. So these seven Indian boys chased their stone wheels, ran races until it was dark and the stars came out, and then they joined hands and jumped as high and as far into the air as they could in wild freedom.

No one in the village paid any heed to the antics of these boys. No one brought them any supper and as they jumped and leaped into the air, faster and higher, they felt something strange happening to them. Their feet became light. It was as if they wore no moccasins. Then it was as if they had no feet. In spite of trying to touch the ground the boys began to rise slowly toward the roof of the town house. They cried loudly in terror but their voices had become light and high so that they were not heard.

Higher and higher the boys rose, all

except their leader who was a few years older than the rest and heavier. At last he dropped down and sank into the soft earth. Up, up, higher and lighter arose the other six boys still leaping and dancing until men coming home from their hunting through the dark stopped to look in wonder at a circle of new stars in the sky. These were the lost Cherokee boys changed to the Pleiades, that constellation of the sky in which the stars seen to join hands and dance together in a circle of light.

The boys' mother missed and mourned for them. They came often to the town house and wept for them, and their tears wet the spot where the boys used to play. The next spring a new green shoot came up through the ground at that spot where the leader of the boys dropped into the soft earth. It grew fast and straight and high

These Were the Lost Cherokee Boys

until it was a tall green tree, its tip so far above the other trees of the village that it seemed to reach the stars. This tree, the Pine, was the spirit of the boys' leader trying to touch them where they danced in the sky and bring them back to earth again.

This, the Indians told, was the way in which those seven boys tried to make up to the village for the trouble they had caused their fathers and mothers. They could be seen always, green in the pine tree and bright in the stars of the Pleiades. And it is also said that when the Pine is burned it flames with the same bright light as that of stars.

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The Headdress of Stars

Iskagua, a young brave of the Cherokee people, thought that he knew very well of what the stars were made. There was an Indian story handed down to the old chiefs telling that once upon a time, some hunters camping in the mountains of the south, saw two great lights like stars moving along the top of the Ridge. In the morning these lights had gone as if they had slipped down the other side of the hills.

One hunter, bolder than the others,

went up the Ridge at night and trapped these two strange creatures. They were large and round, with small heads like those of the Terrapin and they were covered all over with gray feathers. Each feather gave out a spark in the evening. That was the strange part about these creatures. There were so many sparks of fire that the creatures made the mountain light wherever they walked. But when morning came they became once more dull and gray. This hunter came back to his friends and told them what he had seen.

"They must be stars walking on the earth," said one hunter.

"We have seen them come down when a falling star is seen," said another.

This story had been told to Iskagua when he was a boy and told to the other Indian children by the story tellers of the

village. They were told that the stars' light came from soft gray feathers, each one of which gave out a spark of fire when darkness covered the earth.

The Cherokee children thought that this story was true, but Iskagua, who was wise and crafty, thought he saw in it a means of making himself a medicine man in the village. If one could work magic, one was made into a medicine man whose food was brought to him in his lodge built by the village, and he was given great honor.

The magic of the Cherokee people was strange indeed. One chief had put magic into the shape of a terrapin's shell. In the war with the Creeks he had put this terrapin shell in the stream, bathed in water from it, burned a bit of it and with the charred shell had drawn a circle on the ground around his warriors. None of them were

hurt in the war. Other Cherokee warriors could put their spirits in the tops of certain trees when they went to battle and find them safe when they returned after a victory.

"I can work as much magic as these men," boasted Iskagua, not thinking that these were wise men who had courage as well as the power to work wonders.

So Iskagua went farther south one season, a long distance from his village, and he saw for the first time a great, strutting, bright peacock. It was the first peacock in our country and had been brought here by the discoverers from England. Looking at the peacock in wonder, Iskagua's plan came to him. He had never seen a creature so beautiful, so shining, so radiant when it spread its tail with hundreds of bright feathers that caught the light of the sun.

"It wears stars in its tail!" said Iskagua

to himself. "It wears feathers and stars like those of the story. If I were to make myself a headdress of the feathers of this strange bird and return to the village of my fathers wearing it, they will think that I have been for a visit to the sky. This will bring me honor and riches. They will make me a medicine man for the rest of my days."

Iskagua killed the peacock, and stripped off all its bright tail feathers.

He knew that he must keep the making of his headdress secret, so he looked for a hiding place. The most secret place for him seemed to be a lodge in the river bank which had been built by an old beaver, but which was now deserted. It was not easy to get into the lodge but Iskagua made a bundle of his peacock feathers, dived through the water and entered the beaver's lodge in safety. When he was safely hidden, he

used strips of water plants for threads and he sewed himself a great, shining headdress. And he put the longer feathers in the front and back to hide his face and trail along on the ground beside him.

No one would have known Iskagua in this headdress. The stars in the ends of the feathers shone and flashed as the young brave walked. He waited until the stream was low enough in the dry season and then he took his way out of the lodge and by a hidden path through the mountains until he reached his home village.

Iskagua came home at the time of the harvest dance. About a huge camp fire in the center of the village the braves were dancing to give thanks for the gift of the rippened fruits and grains. As if he had dropped from the sky, his headdress shining with stars, Iskagua leaped into the circle

of the dance. He danced higher and more swiftly than any of the others as if his feet were not made for walking on the earth.

"The Star Man has come! He has a headdress made of star feathers!" cried the young braves. They were the boys who had grown up with Iskagua, but they did not know him. One by one they grew quiet and watched him in awe as Iskagua leaped and whirled in the light of the fire, his starry feathers flashing with every turn of his body. When he was too tired to dance any longer, Iskagua went into hiding outside the village. He thought that it would be wiser to make only a sudden appearance now and then.

There was no doubt in the village that a Star Man had come down to them from the sky. In time Iskagua was made a medicine man. He had his food brought to

him in the lodge that the village had built for him. He told all who came to see him that he received messages from warriors who had gone from the battle grounds of earth to the Happy Hunting Ground. All admired and were in awe of his feathers, so different from any headdress they had ever seen before. Iskagua stayed most of the time in the empty beaver's lodge, for his headdress was very heavy and uncomfortable. But when there was a feast in the village, he appeared at the door of his lodge and took gifts and spoke to the people of magic.

But something happened!

A Cherokee warrior went for a hunting trip farther south where the White Men were settling and building themselves lodges and planting the fields, and this Indian saw a strange sight. He returned with all speed

A Cherokee Warrior Went for a Hunting Trip

to the village and told what he had seen. A council of the village was called and the warrior stood up in council and showed a small bright feather which he had brought home hidden in his blanket. It was a feather with a star in the end, for he had seen one of the peacock's children now grown to its proper size.

"Where is this false medicine man?" the council cried.

"We will build a festival fire on the edge of the village," one of the chiefs said, "and that will bring him to us at once."

So a great war dance was planned for that night and Iskagua came to it and spoke of magic, and danced for them in his headdress of stars. When the fire burned low, he started back to the beaver's lodge but he was followed secretly by the braves and the chiefs of the village.

Softly, as the Indian knows how to trail, they went in single file until they came to the tunnel in the earth Iskagua had dug to take him into the lodge. They crept in behind Iskagua and they saw him take off his headdress and lay it on the ground ready for him to go to sleep. It was made, they all saw, of the feathers from a peacock's tail. They had learned from the returned warrior about peacocks.

Iskagua was not killed for his deceit. They laughed at him until he was too ashamed to go back to the village of his fathers. It is told that Iskagua's punishment was that of living all the rest of his days in the lodge of an old beaver on the river bank and looking at his faded headdress of feathers which grew dull, for there is no headdress of stars others than the crown of truth and courage which anyone may wear.

The Unseen Friends

In the ancient days when there were more Red than White Men in our country, the Cherokee Indians, who were the cave diggers of the South and the Seneca Indians the hill people of the North, met in battle. Each nation wanted the land of the other and each warrior and chief of the Cherokees and of the Senecas felt that it was his own battle to be fought by him alone for his home and his corn field.

And it happened that a noble chief of the Senecas was left alone in the land of the Cherokees, his warriors killed and he a five

Each Warrior and Chief

days' journey from his hill country in the north.

The women of the Cherokee nation were strong and cruel. They hated the Senecas for taking their boys captive and carrying them away to serve in the northern villages. So it was decided that two women of the Cherokee tribes should decide the fate of this Seneca chief. These two women had snakes tattooed on their lips so that when they opened their mouths and hissed it was as if snakes hissed and were ready to sting. These women had the feet of the Seneca chief burned and then they drove him from the village with clubs as far as a swamp where they left him in great pain and hunger.

There was no shelter for this Seneca chief except a hollow log into which he

crawled thinking that he would never be able to come out again or see his home and the pine forests of the north that he loved. Inside the log lay this chief growing each hour weaker, until he was surprised to hear footsteps on the leaves. Nearer and nearer came the footsteps until they were close to him and he heard a strange voice.

"Here he is. Here is our friend who thinks that he is going to die but he will not. Let us see your feet, dear friend."

The chief put his burned feet out of the end of the log and he felt the touch of soft tongues licking them, cooling the fires and taking away his pain. Then he heard the voices again.

"He will sleep tonight," they said, "but we must creep inside the log and lie close beside him, one on either side, to keep him warm."

The chief waited and at last he felt two warm bodies, one on each side of him there in the dark, hollow log although he was not able to see anything except two dark shapes. He slept until morning when the two friends left him. He tried to peer out through the chink of light in the end of the log to see who the strangers were, but he could only hear them speaking to him again.

"We have done all for you that we can at this time," the voices said. "But do you come out of the log and travel until you come to a bark lodge that your tribe made long ago when they first came to the south to make war upon the Cherokee people. In it you will find all that you need."

The chief found that his burns were healed and he was able to walk, so he

journeyed to the bark lodge of which he had not known before. In it he found a knife, an awl and a piece of flint. He started on with these. But it was hard traveling. There were deep swamps to cross. Tough vines cut his feet and he had no food. When night came the Seneca chief could go no farther and he found a second hollow log and crawled into it. He was weary and weak, and made up his mind to die.

But once more he felt soft, cool tongues licking his tired feet. Again he felt the forms of his two strange friends on either side of him in the log keeping him warm and safe until morning. They were gone before he awoke but he heard their voices when he crawled out of the log rested and refreshed.

"Before noon you will find food," they told him.

And there was the food, just as they has prophesied, waiting for the chief in his trail at noon. There was a dead bear, still warm as if it had been freshly killed lying beside a pile of dry wood. He skinned the bear and found it very fat. He cut it up and roasted the meat eating what he needed and having plenty left to carry with him on his way. He scraped the skin and rubbed it well to clean it. This made the bear's skin into a very fine blanket for this chief whose own clothes were worn to rags with his years of warfare and wandering. At night he lay down beside the coals of his fire with the bear's skin spread over him. He was just about to go to sleep when he saw two shadowy forms creep out of the darkness and come close to him. They washed his aching feet a third time until

they were quite well and the chief heard them speaking.

"Our friend looks comfortable and he has had enough to eat. There is no question but that he will be able to reach his home if he is brave. Tomorrow he will find something more to wear."

The next day when the sun was high, the Seneca chief found two young bears, fresh killed, in his path. He skinned them and prepared the soft skins to wear underneath his blanket for a warm shirt, the skin inside and the hair outside. There was enough of the bear skin to make him a pair of leggins as well. Just before he went to sleep that night on a bed of moss he heard a rustling among the bushes nearby. He sat up and strained his eyes but he could see nothing. Only the two strange voices came out of the dark.

"Sleep well, our Chief," they said. "You must reach home looking like a brave and in the morning you will find still more gifts on your trail."

This time the Chief found a pair of freshly killed deer in his path through the forest. He was traveling farther north all the time now and there would soon be plenty of game to be had. The deer would last him for many days and he made himself strong moccasins of the skin. As he lay down beside his fire that night he longed to know who his unseen helpers had been, curing his hurts, feeding and clothing him and keeping him warmed and cheered.

It may have been because the Seneca Chief wished so hard that his desire was gratified. Suddenly he heard the same soft footsteps creeping toward him through the

forest and when they came closer, the same voices.

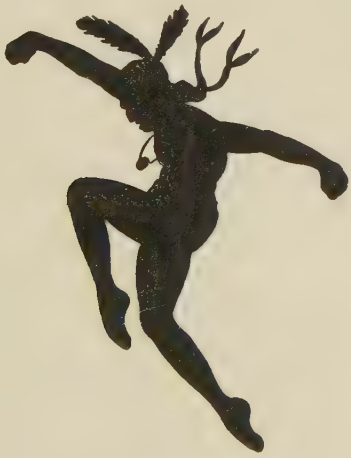
"Soon, our friend, you will be home in safety," they said. "You will find your forests green and the corn growing well. Your village fires will be lighted to welcome you. Now we may tell you why we have helped you on your way. It is because you are a merciful hunter. When you kill you always leave a portion of the meat for us and you keep the smaller for yourself. We are grateful to you and so we wanted to express our thanks."

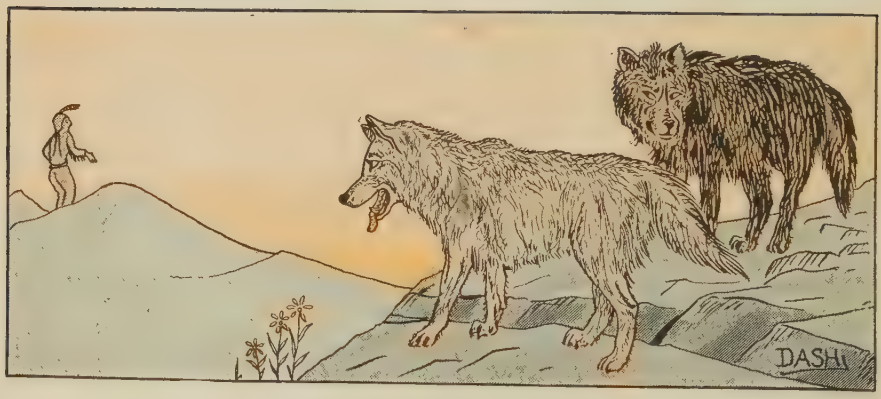
"They must be two men whom I have met but have forgotten," the chief said to himself as he pulled his blanket about him and went to sleep.

But in the morning there lay his two friends beside the ashes of the fire. They looked like two men, as he supposed, but

they were unknown to him. One was dressed in a great white blanket of fur and the other in a black blanket. He thanked them and went on his way, but once he turned to see if they were following him. Then he saw a strange thing.

They were not men. They were the White Wolf and the Black Wolf, the fiercest of the Pack.





They Were the White Wolf and the Black Wolf

The Winning of the Crystal

IN the old lodge days, when the Indians knew the ways of the sky and of the earth better than we of today do, the Sun became angry at them and sent a sickness to the tribes. There was a tribe of Little Men who lived then among the hills of the Cherokee country, like the Indians but very much smaller and skilled in magic. The sickness that the Sun had sent made these Little Men of the hills very angry and they changed an Indian warrior into a serpent, as huge and terrible as a dragon, to destroy the Sun.

They found out that the Sun could not

be destroyed but this serpent, called the Uktena, lay in wait for other victims in the dark passages of the Smoky Mountains, waiting there in secret to destroy the Cherokee people.

Those who had seen it from a distance said that the Uktena had the girth of a tree trunk, with great horns and a brightly blazing crest upon its forehead that shone and glittered like the largest diamond in the world. Its scales glittered as do sparks of fire and it wore rings and spots of color for its whole length.

No one could hurt the Uktena with an arrow, because of the magic light in its head. This was called The Transparent, which meant also crystal. It was known that he who could win that bright crystal from the creature's head would be able to

work wonders for the tribe, but no one had been able to do this. As soon as a warrior came close enough to this huge, snake-like serpent to see its light, he was drawn toward it and to his end. So it had come about that the Uktena ruled there in the dark passes of the Smoky Mountains and no warrior dared to brave it.

At this time the Cherokee people had a battle with the Shawano, who are all magicians, and after a hard struggle they captured one of the Shawano medicine men named, Agan-uni-sti. They were ready to torture him when the man begged for his life, saying that if he might be spared he would try to use his powers for the good of the Cherokee nation. So this man was released but he was told of the Uktena, the terror of the village, and that the only way

No One Could Hurt the Uktena with an Arrow

he could be spared would be through destroying the great serpent. The Shawano medicine man agreed to try and he set out for the Smoky Mountains, having been warned of the blazing star in the creature's head. He was told that his journey would end in the Uktena's cave and that he would never return, but he told them that he had magic powers and high hopes.

So this Indian hero took his way along the trail that led to a gap in the range on the northern border of the Cherokee country. Here he searched and he came to a monster black snake, larger than had ever been seen before. But this was not the Uktena and the magician laughed at it as being too small for his notice.

He came toward the south and the next gap where he found a giant moccasin snake, the largest ever seen, and the tribes there

wondered at the Shawano hero for scorning it, but he told them that it was beneath his notice.

In the next gap he called the people to see a great green snake that was coiled in his path. They ran away from it, but he set his moccasins upon it in contempt and went on his way. At the Bald Peak he found the giant lizard sunning itself, but this was not the one for whom he was looking. He went on to the south and as far as the Frog Place where frogs as tall as men squatted in a circle and croaked at him in loud, harsh voices. He passed the gap of the Forked Antler where there was an enchanted lake full of monstrous reptiles of all kinds, turtles, water snakes and even two immense sea perches who left their hollows and chased the hero, but nothing stopped him.

All the places of fear he passed and at last, in the cold time of the year, he came to the mountain where the serpent with the crystal in its head lay asleep.

Noiselessly then did this medicine man turn and run to the foot of the mountain as far as he could go in one breath, and there he found what he wanted.

On the slope and in the low places lay many dry pine cones, which were known to be of great wonder working if one gathered enough for kindling a fire. The pine cone holds in its seeds all the magic of the forest, and there is no evil that can withstand a fire in which this cone of the Indian's most useful tree goes up to the sky in flames, singing as it burns.

So the Shawano medicine man, Agan-unu-tsi, gathered many pine cones and returned softly to the cave of the sleeping

Uktena. On the slope just below the cave he made a circle of the pine cones until they surrounded the cave, and inside of the circle he dug a wide and deep trench. Then he set fire to the cones making a magic ring of fire around the serpent.

Still the Uktena slept, this cold time of the year being its time for hibernating. The magician crept to the mouth of the cave, right into the blinding blaze of the crystal in its head and he shot an arrow from his bow through its heart, which was under the seventh spot from the serpent's head.

The great serpent raised its head with the crystal flashing fire, and it uncoiled its terrible lengths and came straight for the hero. But he turned and fled down the mountain clearing the trench and the ring of magic fire at one bound and lying down to watch on the other side.

The Uktena tried to follow but it had an arow in its heart and it rolled over and over in a last struggle to work evil. It spit poison over the side of the mountain but the poison could not pass the ring of fire. It only hissed and sputtered in the blaze and neither was the Uktena able to pass the ring of fire, but lay inside it, tangled in the trees it had uprooted in its struggles.

The hero waited for seven days and then he went by night to the spot where the destroyed Uktena lay. Its colors were like a strange flowering of the winter woods, for it did not move or stir. But Agan-unu-tsi saw a bright light shining through the dark and going over to it he saw, resting on a low lying branch where a bird had left it, the crystal from the head of Uktena. He

wrapped the crystal in a corner of his blanket and returned to the Cherokee people, for he had wrought great magic for them and would win a high place for himself at the council fire.

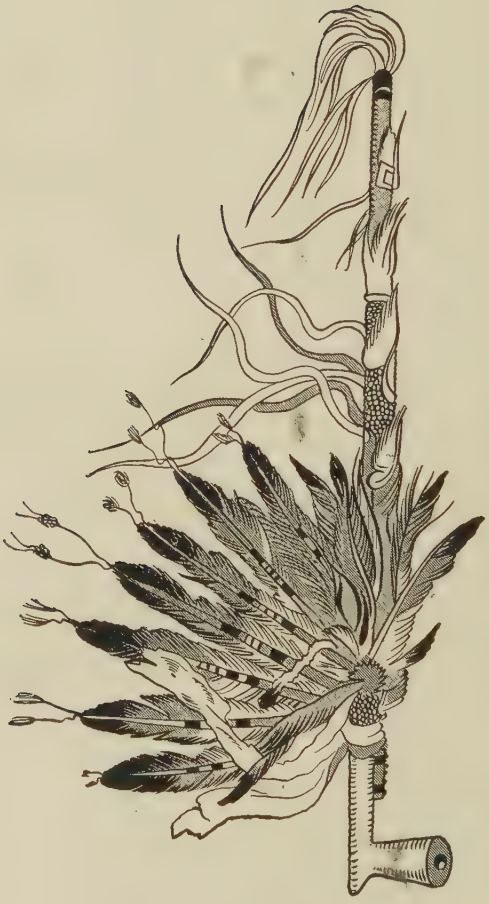
It had been a work of evil to make a monster like this serpent, first for destroying the Sun, and then, when this was found impossible, to use its crystal light to hurt men. But now a great service to the nation had come from the courage of the Shawano.

Whoever owned a bit of its crystal, even if it was only a splinter of the mirror that shone in the head of the Uktena, could see the future reflected in it as a tree is mirrored in a clear stream beside which it grows. The crystal helped the Indians to be successful in hunting, in raising corn, in their building and in every other business. In the crystal they saw if a warrior would

return from battle, if the sick would rise and walk, and if a youth would live to old age.

The secret of the crystal belonged to the Indians, but it is said that if one has the courage of a hero and a mind to see wisdom there is a crystal for the White Man as well.

FINIS



THE FABLES OF ÆSOP

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JOSEPH EUGENE DASH

WORLD-WIDE EDITION OF A
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ALBERT WHITMAN & CO
PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO, — U. S. A.

EAST O' THE SUN AND WEST O' THE MOON

WITH
OTHER NORWEGIAN FOLK TALES

Retold from the original by
INGER MARGRETE RASMUSSEN

Illustrated by
VIOLET MOORE HIGGINS

A JUST RIGHT BOOK

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